

Blossoms of the Moonlight

by ReeseXx

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Stormfly, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-24 05:08:11

Updated: 2016-04-06 20:22:07

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:06:57

Rating: T

Chapters: 11

Words: 52,965

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Ingredients for this story: A cup of mysterious flower buried underground, 5 pieces of Norse-speaking Dragons turned HUMAN! Dragons, add to the mixture a cup of Toothfly/Stormless pairing, a dash of distraction with great personality and a hot body! Interesting concoction? Maybe. Unusual? Definitely! Read and Review :)

1. Chapter 1

**A/N: Hello, I uploaded the first chapter a few hours ago, but it seems that the whole story wasn't published properly. --; Anyways, this is my first fanfiction to be ever posted in this site as well as in the internet. It also have been years since I wrote something... so I hope that you guys can help me improve my writing more. Reviews are very much appreciated. **

**Enjoy. **

* * *

><p>Chapter 1: **Simplest**** of Things **

"Hiccup, let's fall back!" Astrid yelled through the harsh wind, hoping her voice will reach the said boy. Hiccup nodded and urged Toothless to land on the forest clearing below them, Astrid and Stormfly following behind. The minute they descended from the darkening sky, it started to rain. As they reached the ground to take shelter from the sudden downpour, Hiccup spotted a cave carved at the side of the mountain nearby. "C'mon, bud." Hiccup led the four of them inside.

Today was supposed to be a beautiful day. There were no signs of a storm, judging from the clear blue sky and warm air. Well, that was what Hiccup thought. It was supposed to be their day off, and it was already planned that they should explore the group of islands they

found at the North of Berk. They should have made new discoveries right now- out where the sun was shining, the sky clear and the air warm; not stuck inside a rocky cave filled with damp air and dirt.

"What luck." Hiccup mumbled to himself through gritted at the sudden change of weather. He brushed the water of his leather suit and ran his hand through his hair in annoyance. "Hey," Astrid walked towards him, taking her soaked fur hood off her head.

"Hey." Hiccup replied curtly. "Babe, the weather will clear out soon. Everything's going to be fine." Astrid smiled at him, putting a reassuring hand on his arm. Hiccup sighed and faced her, taking her hand into his.

"It's just that I've been so busy lately with Dad, and, and all the crazy chiefting practice so I thought that todayâ€¦ you know, I'll finally have that much needed break and go back to the old times." He smiled bitterly at her.

"And you will," he reassured him, cupping his face with her hand. Hiccup has started his chieftom training a month ago. Even though his Dad is there to help him all the time, he's not making the training any easier on him.

On Stoick's part, as soon as Hiccup learns how to perfect these things, the easier it is for him to handle them as chief. Forced to deal with foolish arguments, meetings with other tribes and maintaining the peace between the Dragons and Vikings, are just some of the things dumped on his plate as the future chief and the Pride of Berk. And, that's not exactly what he wants-ever.

"Let's get a fire going, before we catch a cold." Astrid told him, and moved to the farther side of the cave to collect some discarded logs and twigs that were blown inside by the raging wind.

Hiccup helped her and got some rocks to add to the pile. Once they were down and arranged the wood and rocks, Hiccup whistled to Toothless who was curled up with Stormfly on the mouth of the cave, blocking out the tumultuous weather. Toothless shot a plasma blast to the pile, igniting a fire.

The teenagers sat down and their dragons nestled close to them, adding more heat. Astrid rubbed her clammy hands together and stretched them near the fire, basking in its warmth.

"Much better." She smiled at the fire. Hiccup on the other hand, fiddled with the straps of his leather suit, preoccupied. She snuck a look at her boyfriend, and rested her gaze on his sullen expression. "Just like the old times, huh?" she smirked at him.

Surprised, Hiccup averted his eyes to her. "What?" he asked her dumbfounded.

"I said, just like the old times." Astrid repeated the statement slowly, rolling her eyes at the process. Hiccup just stared at her, eyebrows raised. Not the ever-patient type, she slugs him on the shoulder.

"What was that for?!" Hiccup scowled, flinching at the contact.

"For being forgetful." She snapped.

"Wha-?" Hiccup started, rubbing his throbbing arm. Astrid groaned at his response and chewed the inside of her cheek. How can he forget? When they were kids, they had handful of moments that they got trapped inside something with their dragons.

"Really, Astrid-" Hiccup sighed. Astrid squeezed the water off her braid and interrupted him, "Remember before, we used to get trapped inside caves like this because of your stupid missions?" Hiccup's eyes widened, allowing the inviting memory to flood him.

He remembers of course, but he didn't consider it to be something he should be sentimental about. But it didn't occur to him before, that sometimes those simple things are memorable too. He shrugged and smiled at his girlfriend.

She certainly has a way of cheering him up. Feeling that she got his hopes up again, she smiled at herself for doing a good job. Hiccup scooted closer and put an arm around her, tucking her in. She laid her head down on his chest and settled comfortably in that position.

"Now this, I really miss." Hiccup chuckled lightly.

Toothless lazily opened one lidded- eye and snorted at his human's cheesy remark. "What's that supposed to mean?" Hiccup retorted at the Night Fury, feigning hurt.

Toothless just snorted again and covered his face with his tail. Astrid laughed at the dragon's antic, while Stormfly squawked in delight at the scene in front of her. Hiccup glared at Toothless, muttering "useless reptile" under his breath.

Toothless' head perked up at the comment and narrowed his eyes at Hiccup. They both exchanged a stare down until Toothless decided to whack Hiccup on the back of the head with his tail.

"Why would you do that?" Hiccup winced and held the back of his head, giving the Night Fury a deadly glare. In return, Toothless tilted his head upwards and let out a series of warble that's mimicking a laugh. With this, Astrid broke into fits of laughter.

"Ha ha, very funny." Hiccup replied sarcastically. Toothless nudged him and gave him a lick on the face.

"Okay, okay! You know that doesn't wash out!" Hiccup surrendered, with mirth in eyes. "You win, bud." He laughed patting the dragon's nose.

Toothless gave him a gummy smile and returned to his sleeping position. Hiccup shook his head and sighed, a smile plastered on his face. _Maybe this day wasn't so bad after all._

* * *

><p>The rain has ceased when the four woke up. They were been asleep for at least an hour. The fire near them was still blazing, drying their damp clothes completely. Yawning, Hiccup's head jerked up and

looked where the cave opening is, the weather outside was clear again, as if the storm never happened. Toothless and Stormfly excitedly ran outside to play in the water puddles.<p>

"See, I told you that everything's gonna be fine." Astrid grinned at Hiccup, punching him playfully on arm.

"And you're always right, Milady." He smirked at her.

"And don't you forget that." She laughed, and kissed his cheek.

It was a good thing that the rain stopped earlier than he expected, because that means he still has time to explore the island before the sunset. It is a little over noon, and that's enough time for him to return to his escapade.

A few hours later, the four was looking for a place to rest before calling it a day.

"Babe, over here!" Astrid called out. She found a small hill with a grassy patch and a huge tree looming over it. It's a perfect place to relax and cool off.

Even if the storm was crazy a while ago, the sun magically dried everything up; including the air for it was suddenly humid. Hiccup and Toothless flew towards her and landed with a thump at the end of the hill. He climbed up and sat next to Astrid who was already comfortable in the shade.

Such a crazy weather, he thought. The two dragons proceeded to continue their game and began chasing around one another where the high grass sprouted. Hiccup smiled again at scene. Today was weird, but it is definitely perfect. After what happened a while ago, what could possibly go wrong?

Suddenly the two dragons stopped on their tracks and crouched down. Toothless let a small growl and stepped back. Stormfly did the same, squawking nervously. Hiccup, noticed the sudden change of Night Fury's mood.

"Toothless?" he called out. Toothless, didn't flinch at Hiccup's call, instead he kept his eyes fixated on the ground. Stormfly started squawking nervously again, and tried to pull Toothless away from it. Astrid raised an eyebrow at the their dragons' behavior.

"Hiccup, I think there's something wrong." Her voiced trailed off. "I know, let's go check it out." Using his elbows for support, he pushed his way up. Astrid offered her hand to him for support, which he gratefully took.

Stormfly started to be frantic and pulled Toothless' tail, meaning to pull her friend away from that obscure thing. But Toothless was being stubborn, or he was hypnotized by it. Squawking, she nudged him on the side of his face.

Toothless ignored her, and pushed her off. Annoyed, Stormfly headbutted him, which made Toothless, flinch at the sudden impact and glared at Stormfly. He huffed and sat on his hind legs.

"Hey bud," his ears picked up Hiccup's voice from behind. Toothless looked at him and cooed, earning a scratch from his human. Stormfly is still not convinced that Toothless is out of harm and nudges him away from that thing. Resigning, Toothless walked away with Stormfly following behind.

"What was that all about that?" Astrid stared at the two retreating figures. Hiccup crouched down and started digging with his hands.

"No idea, but I'm sensing it have something to do with this." He scooped up a bunch of flowers and showed it to Astrid. Her eyes widened at the peculiar-ness of it.

There were five petals, each transparent and the center is sapphire colored. It is so delicate and beautiful to look at. She took one from Hiccup's hand and turned it over, observing it. Strange, the flower doesn't omit any kind of scent it just looks like some kind of decoration that some people buried in the ground.

"It's just a flower." She blurted out.

"I don't think it's just any flower, Astrid. The dragons sensed that's there something wrong with it." Hiccup told her.

He read about this kind of flower before, somewhere, but he wasn't so sure if it was the same thing. But his gut told him that it is. And if it is, then he should immediately see Gothi.

"Well? What are we still waiting for? Let's get back to Berk and show that to Gothi." Astrid told him as if she read his mind. Hiccup nodded and whistled back for the two dragons and prepared to fly back home.

2. Chapter 2

****A/N: Here's the next chappie! Please Review! :)****

*** * ***

><p>Chapter 2: Mani's Brooch

The sun was already setting when they reached Berk. The sky was filled with the warm hues of magenta, burgundy and deep orange, swirling and cascading to with each other. The four perched on Gothi's high house or hut. Hiccup and Astrid, climbed down and instructed the Night Fury and Deadly Nadder to wait for them below the house. Fearing, that the patio could not support their dragons' weight.

They knocked on the door and after a few shuffling that was heard inside, Gothi opened the door and beckoned them in. The distinct smell of herbs, spices and earth immediately greeted them as they stepped in. The hut is small, made out of wood.

At the center, you can find the hearth, which dimly lit the place. The bed is pushed back at the farther part of the hut, with some of her terrible terrors sleeping on it. Lines of different sized jars, herbs, spices, bones, and whatnot lined the cupboards that were stuck

to the walls.

"So how was your day off, guys?" Fishlegs greeted them, occupying one of Gothi's stools near the hearth.

"Oh Fishlegs, didn't see you there." Hiccup told him surprised.

"Really, Hiccup? You didn't see me? I'm practically blocking the half-side of the house." Fishlegs retorted, as a matter-of-factly. Gothi just nodded in agreement and went back to shuffling her cupboards.

"But that's not-" Hiccup started when Astrid spoke up, "So Fishlegs, what brings you here?" she asked the burly teenager.

"Ohh, my mom asked me get some of sort of medicine for her cold." Fishlegs replied, cheerfully. "How was your day off? Did you find new islands? Discover new species?" Fishlegs asked them excitedly, eyes wide with wonder.

Hiccup smiled at his friend who is completely obsessed with the Dragons as much as himself.

"Yeah, we kind of explored the group of islands we saw before at the North of Berk." Hiccup told him. "

Dragons?" Fishlegs asked, with a hint of hope in his voice. Hiccup shook his head, with that the burly boy's face fell. "Oh."

"But, we saw something weird. It's not a dragon, but it made the Stormfly and Toothless nervous." Hiccup's face fell into a frown and showed them a couple of flowers in his hand.

Fishlegs eyes widened again starring at peculiar flowers. "And that's why we need Gothi's help to examine these." Astrid added. "

I have never seen a flower like this before" Fishlegs, in awe, picked up one flower gingerly and held it up for observation. Gothi quickly shuffled next to them and gathered the flowers in her basket; she walked to the earth rocking the flowers in the basket and set them down.

She took one and began feeling the petals gingerly with her fingers, sniffing at it and poking the sapphire center.

"Gothi, can you tell us what are those and why are our dragons are threatened by it?" Hiccup asked the healer again.

After a few minutes of silence and cross-examination, Gothi went over to Fishlegs and scribbled the prediction on the ground with her staff. Fishlegs read it and intently and opened his mouth, ready to get the message across when Gothi poked him on the ribs and began scribbling again.

Fishlegs nodded and looked at Hiccup and Astrid smiling. "Gothi says that this flower is called Mani's Brooch or specifically called the Moonlight Brooch."

The healer nodded and beckons him to go on. "It's very rare since it

doesn't grow anywhere near Berk. And, it only grows every 30 years, during the full moon underground. Since it's moon flower, the sun will kill it."

"So that's why we found it underground, that's pretty cool." Astrid grinned. "So about our dragons?" Hiccup asked. "Oh yeah, Gothi says that it's fine. It's harmless, well seemingly. For us, we don't smell its scent, but for the dragons it smells-weird?" Fishlegs looked at the healer with questioning eyes and she just nodded intently.

She began scribbling again on the dirt while Fishlegs watched. "Uhm, its not poisonous but it is definitely a medical plant. It will ease any sort of pain." The two teenagers sighed in relief.

"For a second there, I thought that something big is going on." Hiccup laughed. Gothi went to Hiccup and asked for the flowers if she could have them, which the boy gladly gave it to her. "Thanks for this, Hiccup. Gothi was planning to mix this in my mom's medicine." Fishlegs clapped the boy's shoulder when he stood up and peered over Gothi's brew.

* * *

><p>Meanwhile, Toothless and Stormfly were curled on the ground. "Toothless?" Stormfly squawked at her friend.<p>

The Night Fury grunted and turned his back on the Deadly Nadder. "Hey, what's wrong?" she squawked again.

"Nothing." Toothless bit. A bit alarmed, Stormfly hopped closer to him, "C'mon, tell me what's wrong?" Stormfly peered at his face.

Toothless huffed and sat on his hind legs, glaring at Stormfly. "You should have not headbutted me a while ago." He spat. "It really hurt." Toothless added, pawing the bruise on his cheek.

"It's because you were so stubborn!" Stormfly cried indignantly.

"How come it's my fault? I wasn't doing anything. I was just staring at the thing." He retorted.

"Hey, I tried to pull you away but you refused to listen to me. I know that you and I smelled its scent! It was weird and Thor knows what would have happened if you come near itâ€|. I was just looking out for you." Stormfly squawked, annoyed.

"Looking out for me, eh?" Toothless grinned.

"Wha-what's that supposed to mean?" Stormfly aghast, blushing a bit.

"Nothing," the Night Fury plopped on his stomach, one lidded-eye opened, staring at the Deadly Nadder.

"Toothless, I swear," Stormfly threatened.

"I said it's NOTHING, just nothing." Toothless teased, enjoying his friend's frustration.

"Great Odin, you're so weird!" Stormfly huffed and sat a little farther away from him obviously annoyed at the crazy dragon's antics.

A huge shadow loomed on top of them, "Hey guys!" it called. A red Monstrous Nightmare descended from the sky.

"What's up, Hooky?" Toothless greeted, snickering at the nickname.

"Ha ha, very funny, Toothy." Hookfang replied sarcastically. "Gods, I hate that nickname, so not manly." The Monstrous Nightmare groaned, chuckled lightly at the side.

"What're you laughing at?" Hookfang narrowed his eyes at the Deadly Nadder and shaking his head. "

You guys are idiots." She laughed, cocking her head at the side, amused at the two boy dragons.

"Yeah, yeah. I heard that one before." Hookfang yawned.

"Where's your oh-so amazing human?" Toothless asked the Nightmare. Hookfang grinned and curled down beside them,

"Heh, left him hanging at the cliff, literally." Stormfly shook her head at her friend's strange amusement. Sure, Snotlout's annoying most of the time and Astrid hates him to the core, but he's quite nice especially when he gives her chicken.

"Will he be alright?" Stormfly asked Hookfang, a bit concerned. Hookfang raised an eyebrow at her and snickered, "Yeah, he'll be alright. I won't leave him to do something he can't do. Don't worry, you'll still get your chicken." He grinned at her mischievously.

"Hey!" Stormfly shot at spike him, which the Nightmare immediately evades. Toothless chuckles at the scene, clearly entertained.

"Gods, Astrid's violence is starting to rubbed on you!" Hookfang called out.

"Am not! And don't talk about Astrid like that!" The Nadder snapped, eyes narrowed at Hookfang and ready to spike.

"Whatever," Hookfang replied, flying off the ground. "I'm going to get Snot now, or Spitelout will have his head for dinner." The dragon called out and flew to the other direction.

"Why doesn't he just admit that he cares about that little beast?" Stormfly, grumbled. "I guess, you're not the only one who got rubbed on with their human's personality." Toothless, grinned. "Oh, shut it." Stormfly rolled her eyes at him.

Back at the hut, Hiccup and Astrid prepared to leave. "Dinner will start soon. Fishlegs are you coming?" Hiccup asked the boy. Fishlegs shook his politely and replied,

"Nah, you guys go ahead. I'll just wait for the medicine to be

finished then I'll catch up." He dismissed them.

"Okay, see you at the Mead Hall. Gothi, thanks for the help." Hiccup bid the two of them goodbye and went outside the hut, followed by Astrid behind, giving them her thanks and goodbye at the process. The two riders whistled for their dragons and flew the Mead Hall.

"Okay, bud." Hiccup took the saddle off Toothless' back and gave him a scratch under the chin. Stormfly nudged him to find the other dragons to play with them. Hiccup and Astrid went inside the Mead Hall leaving the two dragons behind.

"Let's go find, Barf and Belch!" she chirped. Toothless, sore from flying, sat down instead.

"I'm tired and I'm not in the mood to play." He yawned. "Let's just sit here, and talk, away from others."

He offered. "Hmm, wellâ€¦" Stormfly thought for a moment.

"Please?" Toothless pleaded.

"Okay, okay. Sheesh. You are such a big baby." Stormfly laughed.

"I'm your big baby," Toothless teased.

"What the hel was that?" Stormfly surprised, smacked Toothless at back of his head with her tail.

"I was just kidding, gods!" Toothless defended.

"You better be." Stormfly warned, embarrassed. Toothless rolled his eyes at her and snorted.

"If you only know," he grumbled.

"What was that?" Stormfly's head perked up.

"Nothing," Toothless grinned at her.

Fishlegs proceeded to go to the Mead Hall after he bid goodbye to Gothi. With the bottle in hand, he tried to walk slowly as to not trip on anything and drop the medicine.

On the way, he remembered that Meatlug was still at the dragon pens and decided to let her out for some fresh air. "Hey, girl. Daddy's here." Fishlegs greeted the excited Gronkle. He hugged her and gave her a scratch under the ears.

"C'mon let's get you out. Dinner will be ready soon." Fishlegs led her out of the pens and into the open air. Outside, he was greeted by two figures, walking towards him. "Toothless, Stormfly!" the burly boy called out to them and patted their noses.

Stormfly squawked at him and nudged him gently, allowing Fishlegs to pet her more. Toothless cooed at him and gave him and Meatlug a gummy smile. "Ready for dinner?" Fishlegs announced at them. The three dragons immediately perked up their ears, obviously excited for grub.

"Okay, wait here, while I go to get the fish." Fishlegs told them and went back inside the shelter.

"Good evening, guys." Meatlug greeted them.

"Good evening to you too, Meatlug." Toothless and Stormfly nudged their friend.

"How's the shelter? Are you feeling better?" Stormfly asked the Gronkle.

"Yeah, my nose is not that stuffy anymore. But, according to Gobber, I'll be fine by tomorrow." She smiled at the Nadder.

"That's great! You can stay inside the house again." Toothless told her.

"Yeah, I miss my bed. Not that it's awful here, but you know what they say, there's no place like home." Meatlug laughed.

"Man, I'm starving!" The three dragons heard a raspy voice at the back of the shelter. "No, I'm starving!" another one hissed. "We're both starving!" Barf and Belch announced as they slithered to the three dragons.

"You guys share the same stomach," Toothless told them, "Of course, both of you will feel hungry at the same time." He said matter-of-factly.

"Of course, we know that Toothy. We're not like the twins." Belch rolled his eyes at him. "We're just playing," Barf added. "Or are?" Belch asked the other head, with a grin. "Iâ€wait, what?" Barf raised an eyebrow at him completely confused.

"So what did you guys do today?" Toothless asked the Zippleback.

"Just the usual, baby-sitting." Barf yawned. Unlike their riders, Barf and Belch are actually pretty decent dragons, though they also have their fair share of troublemaking.

"Gee, that sounds tough." Meatlug shuddered at the thought of keeping an eye on the twins. "Nah," Belch replied. "We're used to it." Barf finished his brother's sentence. "And it's fun." Both heads added, grinning mischievously at each other. Meatlug shuddered again.

Fishlegs returned outside pushing a cart in front of him. Baskets of salmon and Icelandic cod are placed on the cart.

"Hi Barf and Belch." He greeted the Zippleback which they snorted a greeting in return. "Good thing, I got an extra." Fishlegs told them. He stopped the cart in front of the dragons and began unloading the baskets one by one at their feet.

Two baskets were left in the cart. As soon as he turned back on his heels to put the remaining baskets back, Hookfang landed in front of him. "Ah, just in time!" Fishlegs chimed. He laid another basket of fish beside Barf and Belch.

Hookfang nuzzled Fishlegs' hand as thanks before trotting over to his dinner. When everything is in place, Fishlegs went inside the shelter to return the spare baskets and went out again to fill a huge carved log with water. Just as he was going to dump the last bucket, of water, he fell inside the dragons' water basin with a huge splash. Soaked to the core, he pulled himself up and tried not to slip on the puddles he just created.

"Great, just great." He muttered under his breath. He patted the inside of his pocket, and was alarmed when the bottle was missing. The bottle's butt was sticking out of the surface and he plucked it out gingerly. Revealing the bottle to be empty and all of its contents dumped in the water.

Its lid was floating at the corner of the water basin and fished it out. Sighing, he tucked the bottle back to his pocket and began walking towards Gothi's house, muttering how unlucky he was.

After the dragons had their fill, Stormfly sauntered towards the water basin and peered at her reflection before taking a drink. She stopped after her first sip and cocked her head at the water._ This tastes funny,_ she thought.

"Hey guys, is it me or the water tastes off?" Stormfly called at her friends' attention. They trotted towards her and looked at the water, sniffing it.

"I don't smell anything." Toothless told her. "It just tastes funny." Stormfly told him. T

oothless took a drink and wrenched his head away from the water, disgusted. "Ew, what is that?" he spat the remaining taste on his tongue on the ground.

"Maybe it's Astrid's Yaknog?" Hookfang offered, wincing at the taste of the water he just drank. "Don't be silly, this is way better than Yaknog." Barf and Belch gulped down the water, not minding the taste.

"That I have to agree," Toothless snickered. "Guys, really." Stormfly glared at them, annoyed. "Sorry, but I just have to say it." Hookfang smirked.

"This tastes like the cough medicine." Meatlug licked her lips. "What?" Stormfly asked her. "I drank one once, accidentally." Meatlug told them. "Why would some cough medicine end up here?" Toothless asked her curiously.

Meatlug shrugged, "I don't know. Maybe someone fell in or something." The dragons nodded at the idea. "Let's just tip this over before other dragons get a taste of this." Toothless told his friends.

"Great idea, someone might die." Barf and Belch snickered but helped Toothless dump the contents of the water basin on the ground anyway. After that, the dragons trotted to the Mead Hall to join their riders.

In the dark sky, there were no stars visible; the blanket of darkness

is filled with different colors of light. The clouds parted, revealing a very full moon big as Odin's hand, and its light is directly casted on Berk.

3. Chapter 3

_New Chappie! _

****The Moon's Curse****

* * *

><p>The sun was already high up in the sky, when Hiccup woke up- of course, with the help of his best friend. Toothless decided that he can't wait no more for his morning flight, and began jumping up and down on Hiccup's roof.<p>

"Wake up! Wake up!" Toothless roared impatiently.

Hiccup stirred on his bed, and shielded his eyes with the back of his forearm from the bright sunlight. He groaned and lazily opened his eyes, taking his time to wake. Upon hearing Hiccup's distinct wakening groan, Toothless began slamming the roof again with his heavy paws, until the roof rattled and bits of debris started to rain down in Hiccup's room.

"Okay, okay! I'm awake, Mr. Bossy!" Hiccup yawned, half-awake.

"Good." Toothless pleased with his performance, slipped back into the bedroom.

"You just have to be so impatient, right bud?" Hiccup chuckled, scratching Toothless on the chin.

"You bet I am." Toothless, cooed at the contact.

"Who said that?" Hiccup jerked his head up and scanned the room, eyes wide.

He just heard somebody talk to him.

Toothless nudged him worriedly for his sudden change of expression. In return, Hiccup rubbed his eyes and ran his hand through his hair.

"I must have just imagined it,"he thought.

"It's okay, bud. I thought I just heard somebody talk to me." He laughed.

"But I don't smell anyone else inside your room." Toothless told him. Hiccup was taken aback.

"There it is again!" the boy cried frantically.

"Somebody is hiding in this room and messing around with me." Hiccup frowned."

"Okay, twins, you can come out now." Hiccup called out to them as if they are lurking at the corners.

He waited for a few seconds when no response came, "Astrid?" Hiccup called out again, his eyes searching around the room.

Toothless just looked at his rider curiously. A minute of silence had passed, no one jumped up to claim the victory of the assumed prank.

"But no one is here, Hiccup." Toothless snorted at him, eyeing his rider incredulously.

"There! Someone spoke again! You heard it, right bud?" Hiccup asked the dragon, bewildered.

"Snotlout, I swear if you don't stop messing with me-" Hiccup voice trailed off when Toothless spoke again, "Snotlout is not here, why're you acting so weird Hiccup? I don't hear anything." The dragon nudged his rider impatiently, wanting to get out of the room and have his morning flight.

It took Hiccup a few seconds to register that the voice was coming from Toothless' side.

"Are you hiding something?" Hiccup eyed Toothless suspiciously as if the dragon had connived with someone to prank him first thing in the morning. Taken aback, Toothless snorted and narrowed his eyes at his rider.

"How dare you accuse me?" He snapped. Hiccup gapped at Toothless, his mouth wide-open absolutely looking dumbfounded.

"â€¦D-did y-you just s-speak?" he sputtered.

"What?" Toothless looked at him confused, completely oblivious of the exchange.

"O-Oh gods! I-I'm going crazy!" Hiccup panicked, pulling some of his hair at process. "Or I've drank too much mead last night, Yeah, that's right too much meadâ€¦" the boy laughed awkwardly.

"Whoa, calm down! What's wrong?" Toothless nudged him on arm. Hiccup's eyes widened in fright and he quickly jumped back. "

B-bud, T-Toothless, y-you're talking!" he shouted at the Night Fury as he back-pedalled. Toothless cocked his at the side, and give Hiccup a half-lidded stare.

Maybe he is going crazy, Toothless thought to himself.

"Hiccup, you're scaring me. Great Odin, would you calm down!" The Night Fury roared.

Hiccup froze on the spot; in his peripheral, he eyed the door a few steps back. Toothless, sensing what Hiccup is up to, positioned his stance, ready to beat the boy at the door. Without missing a beat, Hiccup lunged himself to the door but Toothless jumped past him and blocked his escape route. Hiccup fell down a few steps in front of Toothless and quickly scrambled up and dashed to his window preparing

to jump.

"Oh no, you don't." Toothless ran to him and quickly plucked him out of the frame, with his mouth "You need to settle down, Hiccup." Toothless then wrapped himself on Hiccup's body and lied down, despite the teenager's protests.

"Toothless, get off me right now!" Hiccup's tone was stern but distressed.

"Not until you calmed down." The Night Fury snorted and started to doze off.

"Please? You're going to sleep on me!" Hiccup whined.

"Nope." came Toothless' stubborn reply.

* * *

><p>Astrid pulled out her axe that was lodged in the tree. Sweat trickled down her forehead, her clammy hands firmly clasped at the base of the axe. She positioned herself, eyed the mark she left at the trunk and threw the weapon with great force.<p>

"Guess, this should do for today." She panted. Astrid retrieved her axe again from the tree and slung it over her shoulder as she trekked out of the forest. When Astrid reached the village, she ran into Stoick.

"Good morning, Chief." She greeted the vast man; she then caught sight of the bag that he was carrying. "Chief, are you going somewhere?" she asked.

"Good morning too, Astrid." Stoick replied to her, cheerfully. "Ye, I'm goin' to the Meatthead tribe. Their dragons have been sick for two days, and they asked for Gobber's help. I also need to settle some issues regarding the newly-written treaty."

Astrid raised her eyebrows, "Chief, does Hiccup know you're going away? And, wouldn't you be here for the Walpurgis?"

"Aye, not to worry lass I will be back before Walpurgis." Hiccup was still asleep when I left. Would you mind telling him that for me?" Stoick smiled and clapped her on the shoulder then took his leave.

The chief treated the shield-maiden like his own, not only because that she is his son's beloved but also because the girl reminds him of his dear wife when they were younger. Stubborn, beautiful yet kind-hearted, are some traits that Astrid also possess. The girl watched Stoick the vast as he disappeared on the docks. She heard a squawk of a Deadly Nadder near her and she remembered to feed her dragon.

"Oh Thor!" she gasped and dashed to Stormfly's pen.

Astrid kicked the door open, in her arms, she carried two baskets: fish and chicken. Stormfly jerked her head up when she saw Astrid, stumbling at the door.

"Good morning, girl! Sorry to feed you so late," she greeted her.

Stormfly jumped up and shook herself before bounding up in front of her rider. "Good morning too, Astrid." She chirped cheerfully.

Astrid blinked at the response, completely rooted on her spot.

"Astrid?" Stormfly cooed and nuzzled her face.

Astrid's jaw dropped and the baskets slipped off from her grip, spilling the chicken and the fish at their feet. Her eyes are glued at the Deadly Nadder and her voice hitched on her throat.

"Eh?" was the only word that escaped from her lips.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was pacing back and forth in his room, "Y-you're speaking in Norse! Oh Odin! Th-This is amazing, Toothless! B-b-but how did this happen? Is this a sign from the gods? Oh mighty Thor! This is a discovery!" the boy rambled excitedly,<p>

his eyes beamed as he envisioned a future filled with talking dragons. Toothless was lying down on his stomach at his rock slab, his paws on his face looking awfully distressed.

"This-this can't be happeningâ€¦| whatever this isâ€¦|" he muttered. Hiccup stopped on his tracks and whirled at Toothless.

"What do you mean, bud? Don't you think this is amazing? We can finally communicate with each other! We can finally help other dragons without the language barrier!" Hiccup happily patted the dragon's nose.

"No, Hiccup! This isn't right. Dragons are not supposed to talk in Norse! We have our own language and that's Dragonese!" Toothless told him, exasperated.

"Wow the mighty Night Fury is actually scared right now?" Hiccup teased him.

"Am not!" Toothless growled.

"Yes you are," Hiccup playfully pouted, "What's the matter baby boo, it's alright to be scared." And gave the Night Fury a cheeky grin.

Ever easily irritated, Toothless stared him down and shoved him on the shoulder with his paw, "Am not."

Hiccup narrowed his eyes at him, "Oh yeah? How about this?" He charged at Toothless and wrestled the dragon's neck.

Toothless looked unamused and picked Hiccup up through the back of his collar with his mouth.

"Toothless! Would you put me down!" the boy struggled. Toothless

dropped him on the ground with a thud then suddenly whacked Hiccup on head with his tail.

"Am not." He spat out smugly.

"Yeah, I'm so convinced," the boy replied sarcastically rubbing the bump. "You know, might as well play fair, you useless rep-" an alarming high-pitched shriek rang from a distance interrupted him.

The two looked at each other and quickly bounded out of the window.

* * *

><p>Hiccup immediately caught sight of Fishlegs, when they landed at the village square. The burly boy's eyes were bulging out, his face pale and beads of sweat streaked his face; and he was charging at him in full speed. Though the boy was big-boned he could surely move like hel when scared out of his wits.<p>

"Hiccup!" Fishlegs slammed into him, almost squishing the boy underneath him. Good thing Toothless was behind him and acted as a support.

"Man, Fishlegs is so heavy!" Toothless grunted, upon receiving the impact. Fishlegs quickly backed away, sweating profusely and looked extremely pale.

"N-Norse! S-s-spoke! Meatlug, s-s-sh-sheee," Fishlegs stuttered incoherently.

He started gesturing wildly with his hands then throwing up his arms in the air, as he tried to barf up the words that were stuck in his throat.

"G-giving foot r-r-rubs, t-then she- what?" The boy then turned his fearful gaze at the Night Fury, "C-c-crazy!" He bellowed in frenzy.

"Whoa, Fishlegs, calm down!" Hiccup shook the boy on the shoulder.

Fishlegs shook his head fervently,
"The-dragons-are-speaking-in-Norse-I'm-going-crazy!" he rambled, breathing a few seconds of silence, the burly boy collapsed on the ground-face-down and unmoving.

Fishlegs Ingerman finally fainted.

* * *

><p>AN:

>Hello dearies! This chapter took me a while to finish. I re-read the first two chapters and I concluded that they were written very horribly. So as much as I wanted to post this immediately, I have to proofread and revise this chapter countless of times. But I do know for a fact, that I still missed some errors that I've might overlooked as I post this chappie up. I kinda of tweaked my writing style a bit and I hope that it'll help you guys more to read my story

easily.<p>

Btw, the next chapters may take a while because first, I have trouble in showing the dragons personalities. That's why I think this story line is very interesting, because they have the same degree of complexity as with their riders and I want to show that to you readers. Second, I have to proofread and edit the story so that I can get their personalities and mannerism right. So apologies! .

To the reviews that I've got, thank you soo much! You guys inspired me to continue this story more. I was actually thinking of taking this down and will do a modern AU of Stormless/Toothfly instead.

As for the question if whether Barf and Belch would share the same body in their human form, at first I thought of making them Siamese twins. You know those condition where they're connected by the hip or some other part. But I find that extremely sad, so I thought about giving them their own bodies instead but with a twist? Hehehe. Tell me what you think!

4. Chapter 4

****Chapter 4: Moon's Curse pt. 2****

* * *

><p>Fishlegs opened his eyes and blinked at the blinding sunlight streaming down on his face. The ground felt hard and rough beneath him. He then felt a cold sensation, trickling down his forehead. He lifted one of his big hands and wiped the wetness on his face. As he sat up, he saw Hiccup holding an empty bucket of water aimed at him.<p>

"Hiccup?" he called out groggily. "I just had the weirdest dream. I dreamt that the dragons were talkingâ€|" he trailed off.

"How're you feeling Fishlegs?" Hiccup asked him, a bit of worry etched in his voice.

"What happened?" Fishlegs groaned, his head throbbing.

"You passed out." Hiccup replied, relieved. He put the bucket down and squatted in front of Fishlegs.

"I-I did? I don't remember-" His eyes widened when he recalled what happened earlier. "N-no, that was just- that was justâ€|" He looked at Toothless, who was starring at him square in the face. "I heard Toothless talk to me a while ago." He blurted out.

He was waiting for Hiccup's response to scoff at him or something; anything would be good right now. Hiccup took a deep breath and smiled at Fishlegs, "Yep, he spoke a while ago. In Norse." The burly boy jumped up and cradled his head in his hands, "Oh gods, I am going crazy!" He shut his eyes wanting to disappear out of sheer embarrassment.

A second had passed, Hiccup's words sunk in him. "Wait, what? Toothless spoke? Y-You heard it too?!" You sputtered.

Hiccup nodded and smiled at him, amused. "So that's means, Meatlug? Oh gods this-this is amazing!" Fishlegs laughed. "Phew, for a second there, I thought I was actually losing my mind." The boy breathed in relief.

"Don't worry, Fishlegs. I thought I was losing my mind too when Toothless spoke to me a while ago." Hiccup laughed.

Toothless snorted at his rider, "Yeah, it could've been better if he just fainted like he usually does, instead of running around the room."

The dragon rolled his eyes recalling the exchange. "What's that suppose to mean?" Hiccup retorted. "Nothing." Toothless snickered. "For some reason, you, speaking in Norseâ€¦ kind of a bad thing." Hiccup shook his head and laughed.

"Hiccup, do you know what this means? We can add more information in the book of dragons! All of their secrets, unlocked! We're going to make history, greater than Bork has ever seen!" Fishlegs hugged him and spun him around in pure ecstasy.

"Hiccup!" Astrid called out from above. She jumped off before Stormfly could touch the ground. Astrid quickly dashed to Hiccup's side. "You may think I'm crazy, but Stormfly, she-" She started to explain.

"Spoke?" Hiccup finished. "Yeah, how did you- so Toothless too, huh?" She cocked her hip at the side and crossed her arms.

"Yup." Hiccup looked at Stormfly who was bounding out to them. "Good morning, Hiccup, Fishlegs. You too Toothless." The Deadly Nadder greeted them cheerfully. "Good morning too, Stormfly." Hiccup scratched her on the chin.

"Morning!" Toothless nudged her lightly, grinning at her. "Crazy morning huh?" she giggled. "Yep." Toothless rolled his eyes.

"So, it seems that our dragons are really talking in Norse." Astrid spoke up observing the scene before her.

"If Dad finds out about this, oh yeah, he'll be so thrilled." Hiccup said sarcastically.

"Speaking of your dad," Astrid averted her gaze to him. "He left a while ago. He said, he was going to the Meatthead tribe with Gobber to settle some matters." Hiccup slapped his forehead, "He what?!" he groaned. "That's just peachy, really." He sighed.

"What about the Walpurgis, then? He didn't even think about that! What am I supposed to do with all of this?" He gestured Berk, desperately. Walpurgis is a festival of darkness, one of the biggest celebrations to be held in Berk. The chief also invited some of the neighboring tribes to feast with them. Unfortunately, Stoick put Hiccup in charge as part of his chief training, but with a promise of helping him.

"Don't worry, he'll be back before the Walpurgis." Astrid assured him. "We'll be here if you need help, Hiccup." Fishlegs smiled at him. Hiccup gave a sigh and chuckled. "Yeah it's just planning. I mean,

how hard could it be?" As soon those words escaped his lips, one of the houses near him exploded.

"Annnd, I'm dead." He deadpanned.

"Whoooo, that was awesome!" Tuffnut shouted, fist-bumping the air. "Let's do it again!" Ruffnut punched him on the arm. The twins approached the group with Barf and Belch trailing behind them.

"So what did you two muttonheads wrecked now?" Astrid glared at them. "Please don't tell me that was Silent Sven's bakery." Hiccup's eyes pleaded.

"Actually," Tuffnut shrugged his shoulders. Hiccup's lips form into a tight line and rolled his eyes, "Of course."

"We were actually looking for you Hiccup," Ruffnut told him. "Lemme guess, your dragons are speaking in Norse?" Hiccup offered.

The twins' eyes lit up. "Whoa, how'd know you that? Are you like psychic or something? 'Cause I sometimes have those mind tricks, y'know?" Tuffnut babbled, demonstrating his mind control at his sister. He stared at the girl with narrowed eyes, his fingers planted on the sides of his forehead. "Tell me, I'm the greatest living dragon trainer" Tuffnut bellowed.

Ruffnut punched him in the face hard and snickered at him. "Train that," she smirked at the victory. Hiccup face-palmed himself, thinking how in the world did he get into this kind of mess.

"Hey Barf and Belch!" Stormfly squawked at them. "Hey, Stormfly." The Zippleback greeted her and sat next to them.

"This is so cool!" Fishlegs squealed. "I must go and find Meatlug. I almost scared her a while ago!" Fishlegs turned on his heels when the said Gronkle stumbled next to them.

"Meatlug!" Fishlegs hugged her. "You're not scared of me anymore?" she asked the burly boy. "I wasn't scared, I was just, uh- not used to it? But don't worry, Daddy still loves you all the same!" The boy cooed and kissed the dragon on top of her head.

"Ugh," the twins winced at the act, disgusted. Suddenly, a monstrous nightmare swooped down steps away in front of them. The dragon was carrying something on his mouth. Hookfang spat Snotlout out. The boy tumbled out and sat there frozen in his place, dazed.

"Snotlout? Are you okay?" Hiccup strode up to him. Snotlout just stared at him wide-eyed and gulped.

"Did Hookfang speak?" Hiccup asked him. Snotlout nodded then noticed the other dragons looking at him. "Well not to worry, the others are speaking too. But we don't know what caused it yet." Hiccup assured him that he's not going crazy.

"I-I-I knew that!" Snotlout got up and shoved Hiccup away. "I-I was just testing you guys, you know." He turned to them with a smug grin plastered on his face.

"Testing his craziness?" Toothless snickered. Snotlout shot him a

glare, a bit embarrassed. "Talking big for a giant-speaking-gecko." The boy muttered under his breath. Toothless heard him and took offense; he shot him a plasma blast and purposely missing him by a centimeter to scare him off. Snotlout shrieked and ran behind behind Hookfang.

"Toothless!" Hiccup chided lightly. Toothless looked unamused and sat on his hind legs.

A terrible terror flew pass them and landed near Barf and Belch. Tuffnut plucked the dragon off the ground, "Caaaaan yooooo speaaak in Noorse?" He talked to the Terror Terror, mouthing the words very slowly. The Terror just squawked at him in response. He then began checking him over, sideways and upside down.

"Where's the language button on this thing?" He mumbled. The Terror dizzy with all the movement that was brought upon him and bit Tuffnut on the nose. The boy yelped in pain as the Terror scrambled away from the scene.

"Well, that was weird." Ruffnut eyed her brother incredulously. "What, that the Terrible Terror didn't talk?" Tuffnut replied to her sister in a nasally voice.

"No, stupid. That he didn't bite your eyes out." Ruffnut retorted as a matter-of-factly.

"Oh, yeah." Tuffnut agreed as he rubbed his nose.

"Ruffnut's right." Hiccup looked at them and the teens looked at him in shocked. "That the Terrors should've scourged Tuffnut's eyes instead?" Fishlegs offered.

"What? No!" Hiccup threw up his arms in the air exasperated. "The dragons. Not all dragons speak in Norse!" he told them.

"Ohhh," came the teens' reply.

"What if, what if, it's only OUR dragons who speaks in Norse?" Hiccup's eyes brightened, a theory crossed his mind.

"That's actually possible," Astrid gasped. "While I was training at the forest earlier, the Terrors that I came across was just squawking and humming. You know their, usual dragon sounds. Then the Deadly Nadder that passed by was normal a while ago. It wasn't speaking in Norse or anything." She relayed her morning experience to the group.

"If that's the case, then something must have made them talk in Norse!" Hiccup jumped up at the thought, the gears on his mind reeling; "Toothless," Hiccup beckoned the Night Fury who quickly turned his attention on him. "Any ideas what happened? Did you eat something? Inhale something before _this _happened?" The boy asked him, curiously.

Toothless averted his gaze to the sky, trying to remember what happened. "Well, we went out flying with Stormfly and Astridâ€¦ We got stuck in a cave. Hmmm, then we found those weird-smelling flowersâ€¦ Then we came home, had dinner and slept." Toothless recounted yesterday's plans. "Yep, that's about it. The usual." He

gave Hiccup a gummy grin.

"Hiccup, could it be those flowers?" Astrid's eyes were wide. Hiccup shook his head. If it was, then the other dragons shouldn't have gotten "Norse-disease" since only him, Astrid, Toothless and Stormfly got to close to it.

"No," he dismissed the thought. "It is, then the other dragons shouldn't caught it. They weren't with us during that time." He added. Astrid nodded nonchalantly also dismissing the thought.

"Ah!" Stormfly chirped, "We drank this bitter-tasting water last night!" The other dragons nodded remembering the grimy taste. Toothless stuck out his tongue disgusted at the thought of it.

"Water?" Hiccup raised his eyebrow.

"Yeah, it was really bitter so we tipped it over, so that no other dragon could drink from it." Toothless told him and shrugged-or the equivalent way of shrugging in dragon expression. "It tasted like, uhhh, what did Meatlug called it?" Stormfly looked at Toothless for the answer but the dragon just stared at her.

"Cough medicine," Meatlug told them brightly. "Cough medicine? Why would anyone pour cough medicine on a dragon's water basin?" Hiccup mumbled, lost in his own thoughts.

Fishlegs stiffened; he recollected everything that happened last night. The time he fell in a water basin, the time he plucked out the empty bottle from the water. The burly boy entered into a tunnel vision as the scenes moved across his minds. They're going to kill him.

"Fishlegs, didn't you go to Gothi last night to get some medicine?" Hiccup asked, back still turned from him. He started to sweat profusely and began to backpedal.

"Uh, yeah. I-I remembered something, I-I hear-my-mom-calling-me-so-goodbye!" He started to turn to his heels when the twins blocked his way and looked menacingly.

"Fishlegs, what did you do!" Hiccup frowned.

"Uh,
I-I-It-wasn't-my-fault-I-fell-in-the-water-basin-when-I-was-feeding-th
e-dragons-I'm-sorry!" Fishlegs blurted out, trembling.

"If something happened to Stormfly, you will never see the daylights again!" Astrid hissed at him, waving a fist in his face threateningly. Fishlegs cowered hiding behind his large hands. Hiccup sighed and rubbed his temples.

It's not even half of the day and it's starting to be a long, long, long day. "Let's go see Gothi. Maybe she'll know the answer." Hiccup climbed on Toothless and beckoned the others to follow him.

* * *

><p>A few minutes later, the teens found themselves cramped inside

Gothi's hut. "So, as I was saying, maybe the flower we found might have caused it." Hiccup told the healer. Gothi rubbed her chin thoughtfully and shuffled to her bed.<p>

She pulled out a odd-looking trunk. The wood was purple-ish and there was gold-plating scattered around it, like a patch. Gothi opened it and pulled out a big black leather-bound book. She laid the book on the table and started flipping through, her fingers barely touching the pages. The teens watched her every move intently.

Gothi stopped in a page and signaled for Fishlegs. The boy reluctantly walked over and read the part where Gothi pointed.

"But this doesn't make sense." Fishlegs questioned her. Gothi shook her head and pointed to the passage again.

"What's the matter, Fishlegs?" Hiccup walked over them and took Fishlegs' side.

"Gothi referring to the legend." Fishlegs shrugged. Hiccup picked the book up and read it.

"Well, let's hear it then, we don't have all time!" Snotlout yelled at them impatiently. But deep down inside, he was really worried for Hookfang.

Fishlegs glared at the boy and took a deep breath, "Gothi was referring to the legend of the Moon's Curse."

"Moon's curse? Isn't that a love story between two rivaling tribes?" Astrid put a hand on her hip. "What's that gotta do with our dragons?" she asked the boy confused.

"It's not just a love story between rivaling tribes, Milady. It's a story about two rivaling species. Mainly, Dragons and Vikings." Hiccup looked up from the book with a grim expression.

"How is that even possible?!" Snotlout eyed them bewildered. He couldn't take much of this anymore and his fuse his going to blow anytime soon.

"It says, Eindride was believed to be a dragon. He fell in love with the princess named Helle. One night, he beseeched the Moon to give him a chance to be with Helle.

The moon granted him his wish and gave him a brooch made of Sapphire, but he can only turn human when it's night and there's a moon in a the sky. Eindride, sought Helle immediately and the two fell in love. They always met at night when the moon is high and bright.

But the time came when Helle was to be wed with another man she didn't love and Eindride could not do anything since he cannot show himself to her in the morning.

The young dragon asked the moon again to grant his wish to become human. He needed his Helle, and he cannot afford to lose her. The moon obliged, but he warned him that he could never turn into a dragon again and he will lose everything that he had as dragon-including his family.

Eindride agreed, his desperation to be with Helle proved to be greater; they would finally be together. After his permanent transformation, he quickly went to Helle to whisk her away. Eindride asked her to come with him and run away.

But Helle was frightened and was easily discouraged. She refused to go with Eindride and gone through with the wedding leaving the poor boy heartbroken and lost. Eindride was in pain and was drowned in despair when he beseeched the moon again.

The dragon-boy did not have the will to live on and refused to survive. The moon took pity on him and on his last breath, a tear trickled down from his cheek to the brooch he was cradling near his face. As Eindride disappeared into mist, the tear enveloped the brooch and tear-like petals started to unfold after one another.

There were five, transparent-crystal looking petals and at the center was a sapphire like stone: Mani's Brooch." Hiccup read.

"So, there's no cure for whatever ails our dragons?" Astrid pushed back her bangs and tucked them in her ear.

"Well, it also doesn't say that's poisonous or anything." Fishlegs took the book from Hiccup and re-read the passage.

"Nope, not a single clue." He gave the book back to Gothi.

"But can't you do anything about this Gothi?" Hiccup asked the old healer. Gothi thought for a while and scribbled on the dirt, Fishlegs peered over translating the message, "Gothi says that it might take her a while to solve this. Give her a few days perhaps. But rest assured, everything will be okay." The old woman patted the boy on his chubby cheeks.

The teens said their thanks and trekked down the hill. "So everything's going to be fine." Hiccup reassured himself.

"That's what Gothi said, and you know Gothi's never wrong. So just relax and let's focus on your Walpurgis dilemma okay?" Astrid smiled at him, giving his shoulder a light squeeze. Hiccup looked at her and sighed a smile.

"Hiccup!" Toothless bounded up to them and nuzzled his rider. "Hey bud!" Hiccup gave him a good scratch under the chin. "Stormfly and I will play Tag and Chase. If that's okay and if we aren't going to do anything." Toothless nonchalantly told him but his eyes were pleading. Hiccup stifled a laugh, "Such a big baby," he thought to himself. He just nodded and the dragon immediately took off with Stormfly following behind.

* * *

><p>"Toothless! Ohhh, Toothless!" Stormfly squawked, sniffing the grass beneath her trying to trace the Night Fury's scent.<p>

Toothless was crouching down behind a boulder, his stomach flat on the ground. He wouldn't let Stormfly win this one, not this time. He peered at the side of the boulder watching the Deadly Nadder from

afar and immediately retreated his head back when she turned her gaze to his place. Toothless positioned himself and ready to pounce when he heard Stormfly approaching then stopped.

Toothless lifted his head and looked behind the boulder; Stormfly was nowhere in sight. "She must've flew to the other directionâ€|"
Toothless mumbled.

"Think again!" Stormfly announced and pawed Toothless on the head. "I win. Again." She chirped triumphantly. Toothless stumbled back surprised at the sudden appearance.

"How did you?" He asked her confused.

"Stealth? Astrid's dragon?" She let the words rolled out of her mouth, as if it's something he should know. And he knows.

"Of course." He rolled his eyes at her. "This-This is a stupid game anyway." Toothless sulked unable to accept defeat. "

You're just saying that because I've won three times in a row."
Stormfly told him as a matter-of-factly.

"No, I could take you down any day!" Toothless snorted "Besides, I was going easy on you. 'Cause you know, you're a lady." He grinned smugly at her.

The Nadder narrowed her eyes at him, irked at the comment. She would not tolerate anyone who looks down on her because she's a girl. "Oh would you grow up!" She hissed at him. "I took you down three times a row and that's no coincidence. Surely, you didn't actually let me win three times now, wouldn't you?" she screeched.

"Yeah, but I still beat you since I won six times two days ago."
Toothless lay flat on his back, exposing his belly to the warm sunlight.

"How is that even possible? That was two days ago! It does not count." Stormfly squawked irritated.

"It does, if I say so!" Toothless yawned.

"You're impossible!" cried Stormfly incredulously. "Just admit that you lost this game to me. And I'll let you off." She poked at him.

"Never!" Toothless retorted indignantly. "I'm a Night Fury and I shall not bow down to anyone," he huffed. Stormfly rolled her eyes at her friend's stubbornness. The Nadder curled up on the other side of the boulder. A few minutes of silence passed and two dragons did not even exchange glances.

Toothless sighed and pawed his face, "Alright, you win. I lost todayâ€| but I'm still the best." He mumbled under his breath.

Stormfly's head poked up and a smirk stretched across her face. "What was that?" she asked him again, teasingly.

"I didn't say anything. Nothing." Toothless shrugged nonchalantly.

The Nadder shook her and laughed. _This guy is so hopeless_.

"Want to play Tag and Chase again?" She offered and nudged Toothless on the shoulder with her wing. Toothless' eyes lit up and gave her a grin. Stormfly took this as cue and started hopping away

"This time, I won't go easy on you!" Toothless called after her, chasing the Nadder across the clearing.

* * *

><p>It was already around noon when the two dragons returned to the village. Hiccup was barking up orders, while Astrid was talking to some of the villagers.<p>

"Hey girl," Astrid greeted Stormfly, who nuzzled her affectionately. "How did it go?" she asked the Nadder, stroking her on the head.

"I won." She chirped happily.

"That's my girl!" Astrid beamed then winked at her. This means she going to get more chicken later!

Toothless snorted and nudged Hiccup on his waist. "Hey bud, rough day?" Hiccup patted Toothless on the nose.

"I let her win." The Night Fury grumbled.

"You'll get her next time," Hiccup comforted the Night Fury with a scratch.

"It's okay, it was fun." Toothless gave him a gummy grin and eyes bright.

The day went by as usual, except for the talking dragons. The village didn't seem to mind it since they were too focused on the preparation of the Walpurgisnacht, which is in a week's time. During dinner, the teens gathered at Mead Hall, with their dragons curled up on their feet.

"Talking dragons is the best thing ever!" Fishlegs took a big bite on his mutton leg and gulped it down. "Oh Thor, Meatlug? She's amazing!" the boy beamed at the Gronkle on his feet and cuddled her face.

"Cause I have an amazing dad!" Meatlug chirped. Fishlegs flattered at the comment, cooed at her more. He's extremely proud of his dragon. Stormfly stood up and nudged her rider on the arm. She took this chance to express her gratitude to the girl.

"Astrid, I want you to know that I'm very grateful for everything you did to me. Being your partner was the best thing that ever happened. I could never thank you enough." Stormfly bowed a bit, shyly.

Astrid's heart almost melted; instead she pulled Stormfly's head into a tight hug. "And you're the best dragon ever." The girl whispered to her.

Toothless nuzzled Hiccup's hand and looked at him in the eyes, "You

always tell me that I'm your best bud. And now I have a chance to tell you, thatâ€|you are my best bud too."

Hiccup's face broke into wide smile and hugged the dragon. "Thanks bud. You don't know how much that means to me." He nuzzled Toothless, his heart and mind filled with amazement for the Night Fury.

"We're also honoured to be part of your family." Barf and Belch nuzzled their respective riders.

"I don't think that your butt is big," Barf cooed at Ruffnut.

"Y-Y-You don't?" Ruffnut cried out happily and hugged the dragon.

"I love tipping yaks with you," Belched nuzzled Tuffnut. The boy wiped a tear from his eyes patted the dragon, "You're definitely better than my sister!"

Snotlout waited for Hookfang to deliver his tear-jerking speech but the dragon just stared at him with a bored expression.

"Well? Any minute now!" Snotlout hissed, assuming that the dragon was taking his time to list all of the things he was grateful for. Why wouldn't he be? He should be grateful enough that he's riding him. The Great Snotlout Jorgenson! Hookfang just rolled his eyes at him.

"Hookster? Snotlout called him through gritted teeth, faking a smile "I'm waiiiting-

"You're an idiot," the monstrous nightmare spat and trotted out of the hall leaving a shocked Snotlout.

The others stifled their laugh. "I guess, Hookfang does know you best!" Astrid snorted, with mirth in her eyes.

Snotlout face reddened, "Stupid dragonâ€|" he muttered under his breath. "You won't get any dinner! You hear me!" and yelled at Hookfang's retreating figure.

The night was calm and the moon shone brighter than before.

_Everything was clear like the flower's petal that begun to wilt.

—

* * *

><p>AN:**

**Hi dearies! I promise at the next chapter there'll be more Stormless/Toothfly moments! I hope you liked this chapter as I had a lot of fun writing it. **

**To UltraSpaceVoid, I was actually thinking of the same thing! Hiccup is a good base for Toothless' Human form, his lanky figure and everything. But I wouldn't say that he'll look exactly like him. Maybe a bit more attractive than Hiccup, I guess? Let the dragons be more attractive than their riders! Huehuehue. **

**Anyways, I re-watched HTTYD 1, RoB and DoB for the personality references and this is what I came up with: **

**Toothless- His personality is a lot like Hiccup, sweet, sarcastic and witty. But I see him more as cockier version of Hiccup. Toothless displayed a "Eff you, I'm the boss so bow down to me" attitude several times from the movies and tv series (including HTTYD 2). But on the upside he's really playful and naive. **

**Stormfly- At first I thought she has Astrid's personality but when I observed her closely, she's the exact reverse of Astrid. She's sweet, friendly and really cheerful (Like the sunshine type of personality). The only thing that she shared with her rider is that she hates being stared down and results to violence to make a point. I imagined Stormfly to be a cute girl and happy girl who's extremely concerned of how she looks. (If you know Starfire from Teen Titans, that kind of personality but cancel out the extreme naivety.) **

**Hookfang- I had a hard time deciphering Hookfang's personality. Most of the time he acts like an aloof dragon, not giving an eff what's happening. I also can't help but think that Hookfang and Toothless shared the same cocky attitude. "Like I'm too cool for this shit." Considering that Monstrous Nightmare was once thought to be lethal and y'know all around scariest and fiercest dragon ever. But unlike Snotlout though, he thinks before he speaks. So what do you think of a aloof Hookfang? Or if it's better if he's a bit chatty? **

**Meatlug- I think this dragon has the "Happy-go-lucky" attitude in contrast to Fishlegs' worrisome one. She's warm, friendly and a bit chatty. She's like the girl bestfriend you ever had. **

**Barf and Belch- These two dragons are more mature compared to the twins. But like the twins, they enjoy causing some trouble so hence the title The "Silent Pranksters." I think they're the type that observes from the distance and let the twins do their thing or they'll let the twins do the dirty work. I pictured them that they don't talk much, just observe type. But they're friendly too with others. They don't fight as much as Ruff and Tuff but they have their moments. **

**Heh, I've noticed that dragons are like the contrast of their riders. It's a good thing though since they really balance each other out. **

**Let me know what you guys think. Btw, if the characters seems OOC, don't hesitate to let me know! :) **

5. Chapter 5

Now the story begins!

Chapter 5: Spirit of Eindride

* * *

><p>Toothless gobbled up the rest of his fish as soon as Hiccup left

the house. They just came back from their morning flight and he was famished. Those tricks and turns they've practiced burned so much energy for the both of them.<p>

Hiccup didn't bother to eat his breakfast since he was preoccupied with the preparations for the Walpurgis. The festival will be held in four days and Stoick have not returned yet from his trip. Toothless licked his lips, savoring the taste of the fish as he bounded out of the house.

Since Hiccup and Astrid will practically be busy the whole day, it means that they--the dragons-- get to have their time off. Toothless planned to spend the day with his friends and lounge around the clearing they've found at edge of the woods.

It has been a while since he had a nice day off. He remembered the waterfall he discovered a little far back from the clearing and he couldn't wait to show them, especially to Stormfly.

"She loves those kinds of things." Toothless smiled to himself, imagining her reaction when she finds about the surprise.

At a distance, he spotted the said Deadly Nadder poking her head inside the Hofferson's main door. "Hey, Storm!" Toothless ran to her. Stormfly pulled her head back outside and cocked her head at the Night Fury.

"Good morning, Toothless." She chirped. "Are you ready to go?" Toothless asked her excitedly.

"Ready for what?" Stormfly confused, cocked her head again. "We're going to the clearing today remember?" Toothless grinned at her.

Stormfly blinked twice, "Oh that! Rightâ€|" The Nadder's face fell.

"Soo, let's go?" Toothless turned to his heel, trotted a few steps away and jerked his head to the direction of the clearing signaling the Nadder to follow.

Stormfly shook her head, "I'm bit busy right now, Toothless. I have some chores to finish." She told him sadly. Toothless stopped on his tracks and ran back to her.

"But you promised! C'mon, your chores could wait." Toothless whined his eyes pleading.

"I knowâ€| but sorry, I can't leave this alone. I promised Astrid that I'd help her as much as I can since she's been busy lately." Stormfly sighed and shrugged.

"Tell you what, as soon as I'm done with my errands, I'll immediately head over to the clearing. How's that?" The Nadder smiled at him reassuringly and nudged him on the shoulder with her wing.

"But who should I go with now?" Toothless huffed and his face fell into a grimace. He badly wanted to show her the waterfalls. But he couldn't budge her off the chores. _Just his luck_, he thought bitterly.

"Why don't you go with Meatlug? She's coming over as we speak." Stormfly offered, picking at the clothes laid on the floor, with her mouth and putting them inside the basket beside her.

"Butâ€¦ I have something to show you! It'll be quick I promise." Toothless pleaded. He just needed a second, or a minute. He didn't want to fail the surprise.

"Sorry, I really need to finish this. I promise I'll fly to you guys soon. Just not right now." Stormfly told him off sternly.

Toothless frowned and pouted. He didn't want to prod her anymore. If she wants to do her dumb chores than to see his surprise_the surprise he had hard time keeping from her, mind you_- then fine.

"Guys! Ready for our day-off?" Meatlug excitedly announced as she landed beside Toothless with a _thud_.

"Meatlug! Good thing you're here. I can't go right nowâ€¦ chores." Stormfly smiled at her friend sheepishly.

"But, I'll catch up soon. Promise. You and Toothless can accompany each other to the clearing." She continued, waving them off with her wing. The sooner that they'll leave the more faster she'll be able to do her job and catch up with them.

Meatlug looked at her as if she grown a second head. "That can wait Stormfly, let's go! Barf and Belch are waiting there already. Hookfang will head over there in a minute too." The Gronkle urged her.

"See, that's what I've told her, she won't listen." Toothless pointed a paw at Stormfly accusingly; his eyes betrayed a mixture of irritation and desperation.

"Toothlessâ€¦" Stormfly narrowed her eyes at him, her tone dangerous.

Toothless knew better than to poke her on the subject more. She's stubborn as Astrid. Maybe she's more stubborn than her rider. Or is it the other way around? Toothless shrugged at the thought.

"Okay, okay. But you have to catch up, or else I won't let you win in our next Tag and chase, got it?" The Night Fury eyed her and started to head to the clearing with Meatlug beside him.

Stormfly rolled her eyes at the dragon. "I'll forever be grateful, oh great one!" she replied at the retreating figure sarcastically.

* * *

><p>The two dragons were walking side by side, in silence. Meatlug opted not to fly since she doesn't want Toothless to feel inadequate as dragon due to his disability.<p>

"Toothless are you alright? You look grim." Meatlug noticed his sullen expression. The Night Fury was walking listlessly and kept grumbling to his self. Toothless is usually ecstatic when it comes to

day-off.

"I'm fine, Meatlug." Toothless brushed her off coldly. He kept his eyes fixed on the dirt path.

"Really now?" Meatlug prodded him. Something is definitely wrong with this boy. She recalled the exchange that happened a while back. And then it hit her, of course it's_ that_.

"Yes." Toothless bit, not looking at her. He wanted Meatlug to stop interrogating him. Well, it feels as if he's being interrogated.

The Gronkle's face broke into a huge grin and eyed Toothless, "If you ask me, I think you're thinking about Stormfly." She smirked when the other dragon's body jolted.

"Wh-What? N-No! Of course not! W-Why would you think of her?! There's no reason! You're stepping on a dangerous territory my friend! I-I don't like Stormfly! Pssssh, no way! She's too full of herself, too violent, too chirpy and she's-well, she's, uh, just my friend! A very close friend, okay?! Nothing more, nothing less!" Toothless blushed and laughed at her nervously.

"I didn't say you like her, but because of your rambling, I can say you're absolutely smitten with her." Meatlug snorted out a laugh, amused at her friend's reaction. _This boy is definitely hopeless! Hopelessly in love that is!_

"That's not what I-" Toothless started to protest, but Meatlug raised an eyebrow and shot him an "are-seriously-going-to-say-that-because-I'm-not-going-to-believe-it" type of look.

Out of ideas to defend his self and to delay the inevitable, Toothless sighed in defeat. "â€| Can you keep this a secret between us?" He mumbled under his breath, shyly.

"Yeah sure, it's not like that our friends know anyways." Meatlug shrugged nonchalantly.

"Wait, what? T-they know?! Hooow?!" Toothless jumped back and panic was evident in his eyes. He flushed at the thought that their friends know about his strange secret, or worst-maybe _she _knows. Meatlug looked at him incredulously.

"Oh c'mon Toothless, you expect us not to notice? The way you treat her, the way you light up when she talks to you, you and your not so subtle hints in flirting-which is really bad actually, the fact that both of you are always togetherâ€|and of course, those cannot be unseen goo-goo eyes you make when you're staring at her. Yeesh." She shuddered at the thought and stuck out her tongue at the process, feigning disgust.

"The gods hate me." Toothless groaned and pawed his face, hoping the ground could swallow him whole. Meatlug snickered at him and shook her head.

"Oh don't be such a wuss, the upside is, Stormfly is dense as a rock. You're kind of luckily unlucky if that makes sense." She told him, reassuringly.

Not that it makes everything better. He doesn't know which was worst: Stormfly not picking up his hints or Stormfly knowing about his feelings. Toothless only groaned in response, and the two walked towards the clearing that's visible in front of them, in silence.

* * *

><p>When Toothless and Meatlug reached the clearing, Barf and Belch were sprawled on the ground, with their eyes closed and backs facing the sun. Hookfang was crouched on the ground a few feet away from them, ready to pounce on the sleeping Zippleback.<p>

Toothless purposely stepped on a branch that threw Hookfang off his game. Barf and Belch opened their eyes and glared at the Nightmare. Hookfang huffed and lay down on grass, stretching his wings.

"Hey Toothy, you look glum. Did Hiccup forget to hand-feed you your breakfast?" Hookfang snickered at him when he saw the Toothless' glum expression.

"Shut up, Hookfang. I'm not in the mood." Toothless snapped without looking at him and walked towards the boulder at the far side of the clearing.

"Stingy." The Nightmare retorted and eyed Toothless suspiciously.

"Hookfangâ€|" Meatlug chided him giving him a look. "'Kay, I'm done." Hookfang shrugged and curled up under the warm sunlight. Meatlug rolled her eyes at him.

Toothless curled on top of the boulder and used his tail to shield his face from the other dragons. He was feeling a mixture of embarrassment, dread and hopelessness.

"Is Toothless alright? He usually loves day-off," Barf whispered to Meatlug when she flew over to the Zippleback. "It's so unusual to see him sooâ€|" Belch continued.

"Unhappy, in despair, aggravated, doesn't have the will to live?" Barf offered.

"I was going to say bored, but that works too." Belch nodded at his brother. They looked at Meatlug and search for an answer. The Gronkle only shrugged at them, "The usual."

"Ohhhh." Came the Zippleback's reply and looked at the sulking Night Fury. "Since when?" they asked. "Since this morning, she kind of "rejected" him." Meatlug told them earnestly then sighed.

"Is this about Stormfly again?" Hookfang popped open one-lidded eye and questioned the group. Meatlug and the Zippleback surprised, just stared at him.

"Oh c'mon, it's obviously no brainer to know that he likes her." Hookfang snorted. "With those goo-goo eyes? Yeah, not so subtle, man."

"Of course," Meatlug rolled her eyes, remembering the Night Fury's

failure at the art of dragon flirting.

"But seriously though, Stormfly should actually pick up something by now. Actually, the both of them should've pick it up a long time ago." Hookfang yawned.

"Whaaaaat?" The Zippleback and Gronkle shrieked. Toothless jerked his head up to see what was the commotion about. The two dragons smiled at him and waved at him innocently, then began nudging Hookfang roughly with their heads.

Toothless eyed them suspiciously but then shrugged it off. He lay down again and continued his emotional contemplation.

When everything is clear, the dragons' pressed on Hookfang. "Stormfly likes Toothless?!" they screeched in hushed tones. Hookfang annoyed how close they're physically pressing on him, took a step back. He looked at the Night Fury before continuing.

"Seriously guys, it takes a no-brainer to know." Hookfang rolled his eyes at his friends' naivety. Turns out the two-muttonhead dragons who are secretly in like, love whatever in each other, are not the only ones who aren't aware of the catastrophic budding romance between them.

* * *

><p>Stormfly landed a few steps away from her blonde haired Viking. She hid herself behind one of the carts in front of her. "Astrid," she called out to her softly, trying not to draw attention from the crowd.<p>

Astrid whipped her head around and smiled at Stormfly. "Hey girl, what's up?" the girl strode towards her and greeted the dragon with a rub on the nose.

"Here," Stormfly handed her a parchment. "The baker said he'll deliver the bread as soon as it's done." The Nadder squawked.

"Ah! That's great! Thanks for your help, Stormfly!" Astrid pocketed the paper and waved at Hiccup when he looked at her.

"I'm done with the other chores, too." Stormfly nuzzled her rider on the face, lovingly. Astrid chuckled and gave her another scratch under the chin.

"You shouldn't have, I could've done it. It's your day-off today." The girl held her dragon's head tenderly. Stormfly face contorted in a frown and shook her head vehemently.

"No, It's fine Astrid. I promised you. And I didn't mind it, really. It's the least that I can do." The Nadder insisted and nudged Astrid's hand gently.

"You're the best." The blonde Viking hugged her tightly and beamed at her. Stormfly is the best thing that ever happened to her, apart from Hiccup that is. She couldn't fathom how grateful she was to be dragon's rider.

Stormfly broke the hug and hopped back, "I'll go find them now, see

you later at dinner!" she gave her rider one last nuzzle and shot up to the sky, her wings fluttering against the still breeze.

Astrid watch the Deadly Nadder take the sky, "Don't wander off too much, okay!" she called out her through the wind. Hiccup cocked an eyebrow at her, a smirk plastered on his face.

"Don't make me punch you," Astrid laughed and shrugged it off. Somehow, the air suddenly feels different.

* * *

><p>It was already an hour past noon when Stormfly arrived. Toothless was still curled on top his boulder, asleep. Hookfang, Barf and Belch were playing toss the sheep, and Meatlug was curled on the grass, observing the butterflies.<p>

"What's up, guys!" Stormfly perched on top of a tree nearby the group and jumped down. Meatlug, Barf and Belch ran to her and Hookfang nodded his head at her direction as a greeting.

"Stormy, glad you could make it!" Meatlug tackled her on the groundâ€"the dragon's way of hugging. Stormfly returned the favor by nudging her friend's head.

"I promised I'll catch up, remember?" she grinned at them when Meatlug pushed herself off her. Stormfly scanned the area, noticing the Night Fury not on sight.

"Where's Toothless?" she squawked at her friends, confused of the dragon's sudden disappearance.

Belch jerked his head to Toothless' direction, "There, pondering about his life's existence." The other head laughed.

"And why's that?" Stormfly cocked her head at them, and then averted her eyes to the still black figure curled on top of the rocks.

"He lost the game," Barf announced proudly. "Twice." Belch added, equally pleased at the memory.

Toothless stopped sulking a few hours ago and started challenging them on a hide and tag match to lift up his spirits. Of course, there is nothing better than the feeling of winning. But Barf and Belch won, so that's that. And he returned to his emotional contemplation by the rocks.

"He's sulking again is he?" Stormfly asked them worriedly.

"He's been sulking ever since this morning. It's driving me crazy." Meatlug told her exasperated. She's been trying to talk it out off him all morning.

"I better go talk to him." Stormfly told them and the dragons nodded at her eagerly. The Nadder looked at them strangely.

"Make sure you smooch him too, " Hookfang murmured under his breath. Picking out his teeth with his fork-like tongue.

"What?" Stormfly's head snapped back at him and raised an eyebrow.

The other dragons widened their eyes at Hookfang, threateningly.

"I said, make sure you comforted him too." Hookfang lied, smiling at her encouragingly. But deep down inside, he was rolling his eyes. _Idiots_.

Stormfly hopped over to the sulking Night Fury. "Toothless?" she called out to him.

"Leave me alone, I'm thinking." Toothless, shielded his blushing face from Stormfly with his tail. After what Meatlug told her, he can't possibly face Stormfly now.

Stormfly, a bit cautious about the situation, hopped to the other side of the boulder so that she could face him.

"Are you still mad at me?" she asked him, her voice a bit sad. She didn't imagine what happened earlier, would affect her friend this much.

"â€|No." came Toothless, unsure reply.

"I said, I was sorry." Stormfly cooed, sadly. She felt guilty for abandoning Toothless and their plans. She knew how much he looked forward to this day.

Toothless, sensing that Stormfly got the wrong impression, jerked his head up to look at her. He nudged her on the head to make her look at him. Her sad gaze fell on the ground.

"Stormfly, look, I'm not mad at you. I'm just, uh, I'm having my manly dragon problems." Toothless explained. Trying to not sound like an idiot, he just winged it by smiling at her reassuringly.

"Oh," Stormfly cocked her head at him in surprise. "Do you want to talk about it?" She offered, smiling back at him.

Toothless face dropped_, Oh Thor. This is not a good idea. Abort mission! _Abort mission!_ He started sweating a bit, remembering again the conversation with Meatlug.

"No! Nope, that's not really a good idea. Maybe I'll talk about it with Hookfang! Don't worry I'll be fine!" He laughed nervously, and started wheezing. _When did he wheeze? Is Hiccup's personality rubbing on too?_

"Hookfang? Since when do you 'talk with Hookfang'?" Stormfly raised an eyebrow at him and eyed him incredulously. Toothless just laughed, trying to extinguish the building tension.

"Since I've discovered that I'm a man. And men need to talk to, t-to dispel their manly issues with each other! Yeah, that's right. Manly issues." He lied. _Yep,_ _It's official, he also got Hiccup's bad lying attitude. The gods can kill him now._

"Okay, as you say so." Stormfly shrugged at his response. She didn't want to press on whatever he is hiding since it's making him look so uncomfortable.

"Soo, Can show me the thing now?" She asked him, a bit of excitement

glinting in her eyes. It was Toothless' turn to raise an eyebrow at her. "How'd you know I have a thing?"

"Oh I don't know, lucky guess maybe?" She smirked then it broke into a laugh. "Kidding, the way you insisted me to go with you a while ago, surely there's something up in your sleeve." The Nadder nudged him on the shoulder.

'What if there's not, and you're just mistaken?" Toothless teased her, eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"Really, Toothless?" Stormfly groaned and whacked him on the head with her tail.

"Just kiss already," Hookfang hissed under his breath. He couldn't take anymore of this obnoxious exchange of goo-goo eyes! The other dragons' stifled a giggle.

"â€|Oh okay, fine. But you have to close your eyes." Toothless told her as a matter-of-factly. "It's a surprise," he added. Stormfly gave him a look, "Okay, maybe just close your eyes before we get there?" he shook his head at the dragon's absolute quizzical attitude.

"Okay, whatever you say so, oh great one." Stormfly laughed.

* * *

><p>"Now, close your eyes. It's just a few steps up ahead." The Night Fury instructed the Deadly Nadder when they reached a rocky path.<p>

"Is this really necessary?" Stormfly asked him, a bit worried that she can't see where she's walking.

"Yes! Now, hush!" Toothless told her and walked a few steps forward. Stormfly was following him behind, taking little steps at a time.

"Toothless," The Nadder whined. What is this thing so important anyway?

"Hush, a few more steps." Toothless silenced her and focused on the scenery in front of him. Just a few more steps, and surprise!

"I don't have four limbs like you! I might trip on something." Stormfly complained, feeling the path beneath her. Toothless sighed and went beside her.

"Then I'll walk in my hind legs as well," he told her standing up, and proceeded to walk on his two hind legs.

"Wouldn't it be easier if you could just pull my saddle and lead me there instead?" Stormfly offered her voice filled with dread.

"Nah, what fun would that be?" Toothless chuckled. "You're definitely crazy!" Stormfly retorted back.

"Just the way you like it." He grinned at her smugly. They exchanged a few more banters when they finally arrived at the

waterfall.

"Okay, you can open your eyes now." Toothless told her excitedly. Stormfly blinked a few times to focus her sight. When her vision re-adjusted, she saw the most beautiful thing in all of Berk.

In front of her, is a glade filled with a vast variety of flowers that comes in different kinds of colors, a canopy of sky-high pine trees surrounds the clearing, acting as barrier from the outside world. In the middle of the glade, a small waterfall streams from a small cliff, that cascades down in a silent downpour. The water then, pools inside a marble-like stone basin, which is engraved from the earth below.

"This is beautiful," Stormfly gapped, filling her sight with each breath-taking scene.

"So you like it?" Toothless asked her anxiously. Stormfly looked at him her eyes, glittering. "I like? I love it!" She tackled Toothless to the ground and nuzzled his head.

"U-Uh, that's g-g-great," Toothless stammered and blushed at the impact. Stormfly dawned to her what she done, quickly jumped off Toothless and cleared her throat. "It's beautiful, thanks" She smiled at him, swallowing down her embarrassment.

"Whoa, this is amazing!" Barf whistled, scanning the clearing. "Good job on finding this Toothy!" Belch exclaimed. Stormfly and Toothless looked at them, surprised.

"What are you guys doing here?" Toothless screeched at them. He can't have Barf and Belch ruin his moment with Stormfly. But the Zippleback didn't seem to notice him.

"Oh my!" Meatlug gasped at the sight, emerging behind the pine trees with Hookfang behind her. "Wow," the Nightmare nodded in agreement. He never saw a clearing in Berk this beautiful.

"Oh c'mon!" Toothless groaned in annoyance. Great, they just have to bring the whole pack. "How did guys even get here?" he hissed at them, pawing at his face.

"We followed you guys." Meatlug told him as if it's the most obvious thing in the world. Toothless rolled his eyes and collapsed on the ground in defeat. "Splendid," he muttered.

Stormfly nudged him, "It's okay. At least we got see it first." She grinned at him. Toothless' eyes lit up. "Supposed that could make it up," he laughed.

"Who wants to play Hide and Tag?" Meatlug announced. "Loser will get to clean the other dragons' stable for a week!" The Zippleback bargained.

"You're on!" Stormfly squawked at them. Hookfang just rolled his eyes at them but joined the game. "Toothless?" The Nadder called out, "You in?" Toothless trotted over to them.

"Loser will not only clean the stables, but they should also run around the village coated in pink paint." The Night Fury grinned at

them. His challenged elicited a series of gasped from the dragons.

"So? How 'bout it?" Toothless teased them and Hookfang snorted, "You're on." The other dragons nodded their heads in approval. This will be one hel of a game.

* * *

><p>The sun was already setting when the dragons finished their game. Hookfang lost and he's taking it pretty badly.<p>

The dragons are all sprawled on the ground. Meatlug, Barf and Belch were lying down together, while Hookfang was sulking a few feet away from them. Stormfly and Toothless sat down near the waterfall, a little farther away from the group.

"The water's so clear!" Stormfly peered at the water also admiring her reflection at the process.

"Want to jump in?" Toothless offered her with a grin. He jumped in the pond that was 3 ft deep and began waddling to the deeper part.

"Your saddle!" Stormfly looked at him as if he was insane. "Don't worry about it!" Toothless splashed some water on her face.

Stormfly narrowed her eyes at him and jumped in the pond as well. "You play dirty!" she laughed and splashed Toothless on the face with a bigger wave.

"No, I don't," he kicked the water and drenched Stormfly and her saddle completely. "You'll pay for this!" She screeched and chased Toothless.

The other dragons peered at two dragons, who were murdering each other at the pond. They looked at each other and decided that this was their cue to leave.

"We'll go ahead! Dinner will be ready soon." Meatlug called out to them, but the two only responded with a nod and immediately went back to their water fight. The Gronkle urged the other dragons out of the glade.

After a few more water fights, Toothless and Stormfly collapsed on the grass beside the pond engaged into fits of uncontrollable laughter.

"You should've seen your face!" Toothless laughed, wiping some tears from his eyes. "Well, yours was worst!" Stormfly retorted, and starting laughing again at the memory.

They were lying down on their back, so that they were facing the darkening sky. Little bits of silver and gold glitter started to cover the iridescent canvas before them.

"I wish we can stay like this forever, you know." Stormfly sighed starrng at the stars. Toothless looked at her confused. "What do you mean?"

Stormfly watched the sky, never pulling away from the hypnotic scene. "You know, just like this. Together with our riders." Her voice faltered at the last line.

"Oh, but we'll be around Berk for a long, long, long time." Toothless assured her.

"But they won't be." Stormfly's gaze fell from the sky and to Toothless, who was looking at her worriedly.

"Heyâ€¦" He started, but Stormfly shook her head and sat up.

"You know that we dragons outlive the human race for long periods of time, maybe even centuries. And I cannot even bear to think that someday Astrid will pass as well." She told him.

Toothless sat up as well and looked at her, listening to her intently. He noticed that the sky got darker.

"You know how much I love Astrid. She's like my mother, my sister and my best friendâ€"aside from you of course. But when the time comes, I don't think I can let other riders ride me. Astrid is my only rider." She told him bitterly.

Toothless understood where she's coming from, "Same for me as well. Hiccup will be my only rider. Not that I have a choice, but as you are with Astrid, nobody can ever replace him. Hiccup's a part of me and I to him." He gave her a half-smile.

The two dragons, watched the sky in silence. Pondering what will happen to them if the time comes.

"So what will you do if that time comes?" Toothless suddenly spoke up.

"I don't know," Stormfly shrugged. "I never thought about it. But I guess, I'll travel to different islands, see the world you know?" She traced the sky with the talon of her wing.

Toothless nodded in agreement. "Yeah, that would be nice. To see another age, to explore the places where no one dare to go." The Night Fury sighed at the idea. To explore the world, that was Hiccup's dream.

"Hey, promise me one thing," Stormfly looked at him, her eyes stern.

"What is it?" Toothless cocked his head at her.

Stormfly took a deep breath. "Promise me you'll be my friend forever. No matter where I go, no matter where you are, we're still best friends and we'll still be together."

At the edge of the clearing where the pine trees stood erect as barrier to the outside world, Meatlug, Hookfang, Barf and Belch were hiding behind the boulders and watched the two "star-crossed" dragons.

"Ooh" They winced at Stormfly's proposed promised. The dragons were crouched down on the ground eavesdropping on Toothless and Stormfly's

conversation.

"Did she just friendzone him? For like an eternity?!" Hookfang's jaw dropped. He didn't expect that from Stormfly.

"Hard, man. Hard." Belch sighed and shook his head, disappointed at the turn of events.

"What the hel man, say something! You're going to be doomed!" Barf screeched at Toothless, gnawing at the tree trunk in front of him.

"Hush! I can't hear what they're saying!" Meatlug chided them all. He gaze was glued on the two figures in front of her.

"Of course, Stormfly. Let's be best friends forever." Toothless smiled at her, oblivious of his friends' disappointment at the background.

Hookfang slapped himself on the face, and eyed Toothless incredulously. How can someone put himself on that kind of position? Pathetic.

The Zippleback was lost for words, "Dude, that sucks. Like literally that hurt," Belch told them shocked.

Barf grimly nodded and cleared his throat, "Today, we mourn for our dear brother Toothless who has fallenâ€"Oof!" Meatlug shoved them to Hookfang.

Stormfly jumped up and helped Toothless up on his feet. They started to walk back to the village. Exchanging some banters and jokes on the way.

"Hey!" Hookfang hissed at Meatlug, rubbing his snout with his wing. "What's the matter with yoâ€"

"Shh, they're coming! Quick!" Meatlug quickly pushed them out sight as the two dragons passed by them, still oblivious that their friends were eavesdropping on them.

The three dragons fell into tangle of limbsâ€"or wings and legs and waited for Stormfly and Toothless to completely fall out of sight.

"Get your butts off me, you ninnies!" Hookfang screamed at them.

* * *

><p>The moon was already high in the sky when the dragons returned to the village. The three dragons took another route so that the two dragons wouldn't be suspicious as to why they're late when in fact they took off first in the glade.<p>

After dinner, the dragons bade their goodnights to each other and went back to their respective homes.

"Had fun today, girl?" Astrid asked Stormfly, while untangling her braids. She jumped in her bed and reveled in the feeling of the mattress. Today was a grueling day.

"We played all day! And Toothless found a secret place!" Stormfly chirped and took the floor, at the foot of Astrid's bed.

"That's good," Astrid yawned. "Good night, Astrid." Stormfly curled up around herself. "Good night too, Stormfly." And the girls drifted off to sleep.

The moon was bright and big. Nobody noticed the blue-eerie glow it exudes around Berk, except for Gothi. She looked at mood thoughtfully and scrambled to her shelf where she kept on her chicken bones.

She got a handful and threw in the fire, together with some of the essence from Moonlight flower. The fire blazed blue and the smoke showed an image of a dragon she's familiar withâ€”_Eindride_. She looked at the moon again with fearful eyes. So the test has finally begun.

* * *

><p>Stormfly shivered in her sleep, she felt a cool sensation nipping at her skin. It was weird for a dragon to get cold. She opened her eyes and looked out of the window, it's still dark. She sat up and stretched, "Something feels different" she thought.

Stormfly stifled a yawned and rubbed her eyes with her wingâ€”wait, that's not her wing! It's a hand! She stretched out her hands in front of her, where her wings were supposed to be.

She felt her face, and froze on her spot in fright. She stared at the golden locks pooling at the floor in front of her. "N-Noâ€”|" she breathe, trying to take in that hands grew on her and that things that Astrid has in her head.

She found a mirror under the bed. With shaking hands, she clumsily took it and forced herself look at it. Her eyes grew wide with what she saw.

"A-Astrid!" Stormfly screamed in terror and threw the mirror to the other side of the room, shattering it into pieces.

Astrid immediately woke up from her sleep, "Stormfly?" she called out to her dragon. She quickly sat up when she heard sobbing coming from Stormfly's end. The room was dark but she got up from her bed and walked towards her dragon.

"What's wrong?" she asked her worried, feeling for the candle near her dresser and lit it.

"Astridâ€”|" Stormfly wailed. Astrid's blue orbs met Stormfly's golden ones brimming with tears. "Astrid, I-I'mâ€”|" Stormfly hiccupped, clear tears pooling out of her frightened eyes. Her shaking hands stretched in front her.

Astrid collapsed down in front of Stormfly due to shock, her eyes glued at her girl in front of her. She was staring at an unfamiliar but familiar face.

"Humanâ€”|" The Viking girl breathed dazed at the transformation. The ghost of the word lingered heavily in the room, paralyzing them from

the truth before them.

* * *

><p>AN:**

Hello lovie, I finally uploaded Chapter 5!** This is where real story begins!** This is my favorite chapter so far and I had so much writing it, hehe. I promise there'll be more fluff in the future! Probably more intense *wink wink wink*

But I do hope you like this chapter too!

For **_**zaeva**_**, I'll try to add the terrible terror to the mix. I'll see what I can do, hihi.

For ****_morfowt_******,** thank you so much for taking interest in my story. You don't know how much that means to me! And of course, I would love to read your story as well. :) About your suggestion, I took them into account actually, and tried to incorporate them into this chapter. Hahaha, I really wish I was successful on that. I would like to extend my gratitude to you for helping me understand the dragons' personalities more, through another perspective. So really, thank you!

For****_ trystrike_****, do you know that it's because of your story that I was inspired to write this? Hihi, I'm very humbled that you read and liked my story. It means a lot to me. :) As for your suggestion about Toothless' disability, I have one in mind already. I won't be spilling anything here, so you just have to look forward to the next chapter to reveal it! Btw, I'll be taking into account your suggestion about what Stormfly looks like as a human. Good idea using her spikes as accessories! might draw them if I have time and post it somewhere :)

****For the last question for this chapter: How was the the chemistry between Toothless and Stormfly? The relationship of the other dragons eith each other? Should I change it or it's good as it is? Let me know, on your reviews okay! ****

6. Chapter 6

****A/N: I'm so sorry if it's like weeks late. I got caught up with the Once Upon a Time Series and SoD! Okay, enough yapping. On to the next chapter!****

****Chapter 6: Transformation****

* * *

><p>The fire flickered low and ominously, casting dark shadows inside the room. The only sound that broke the night's eerie silence was Stormfly's sobbing. The two girls who were sitting on the floor, opposite to each other were rooted to their seats.<p>

"A-Astrid **_*hic***, **_w-what** am I **_*hic*_** what am I going to do?" Stormfly sobbed, her hands outstretched in front of her. She looked at it as if she killed someone using her bare hands.

Astrid just sat there unflinching and stared at her. Her mind was reeling in for answers. She was so confused and dumbfounded at the situation. Astrid didn't know the mysterious person in front of her, but when she caught a glimpse of the girl's eyes, she knew they belonged to _her_.

"S-Stormflyâ€|?" Astrid gasped her eyes wide in both shock and fright. The girl bit her lip and nodded her head in response trying to keep in a sob.

"How?" she whispered under her breath, keeping her eyes glued on the figure. Astrid studied the girl.

She has an oval-shaped face with high cheekbones, a tall noseâ€"quite pointed at the end. Her eyes were big and round, thick dark lashes adorned around it. Long voluminous waves of golden hair, that cascades down from her shoulders covering her chestâ€"it then pools down at the floor and on her thighs.

With shaking hands, Astrid cautiously reached one hand to Stormfly's pale face and gently thumbed the tears off girl's cheek. Stormfly shivered at the contact, Astrid's hand is cold.

"Astrid! Pleaseâ€|*hic* helpâ€| *hic*" Stormfly erupted in uncontrollable sobs and whimpers. Her eyes were red and swollen from the crying.

Astrid tried to calm her wrecking nerves. Right now, Stormfly needs her. She scooted closer to the girl and pulled her in a tight hug.

"I-It'll be okay, girl. Shh." Stormfly instantly buried her face on the girl's shoulder and clutched on to Astrid as if her life dependent on it.

"I don't know what to do! I'm scared!" Stormfly wailed, digging her face deeper into Astrid's collarbone making Astrid wince.

"Everything will be, alright." She whispered reassuringly and stroked Stormfly on the head gently. When Stormfly seemed to calm down, Astrid broke the hug and stood up.

"C'mon, you'll catch a cold if you're going to stay there."

She held out her hand to the girl and Stormfly gingerly took it. _It felt weird having hands_, the dragon-girl thought to herself.

Astrid's hand wasn't that cold anymore and it felt warm against Stormfly death cold skin. The girl tried to stand up, but staggered and almost doubled over.

"Gently now," Astrid gripped at her hand a bit more tightly and pulled her up once more and steadied her. It was like teaching a baby to take its first steps.

"I-I 've never been this cold beforeâ€|" Stormfly shivered and instinctively wrapped her hands around herself. She felt the cold wind nipping at the back of her neck.

"Well, you're not a dragon anymore," Astrid smiled at her. She frowned when she noticed that Stormfly was completely naked. Why didn't see that before?

"Here, put this on. It'll warm you up." She grabbed one of her blankets and gently wrapped it around Stormfly's shivering body. The girl smiled at her gratefully.

"Lie down there. You'll get used to it." Astrid pulled her to the bed and let her lay down on the other side. Stormfly clumsily climbed on and settled into the bed awkwardly, wrapped up like a cocoon. Astrid followed and lay down beside the girl.

"Astrid, I'm scaredâ€¦" Stormfly whimpered, tugging the blanket closer. Astrid looked at her with soft eyes and a small smile.

"I know. Just get some sleep. I'll be right here." Stormfly snuggled closer to her rider. Even if the bed was small, it certainly felt vast to her. And she felt that Astrid is so far away.

"Astrid, am I still Stormfly?" she asked, her voice soft and tired. Astrid blinked at the question, and then her face broke into a huge grin.

"Of course you are. Whatever you look like, dragon or not, you'll always be Stormfly."

The girl nodded as her eyes started to close. She felt exhausted and weak. Plus, her whole body ached. It was as if she crashed down into a pile of boulder from a flight. She unconsciously wrapped her arms around Astrid's waist.

"Now, get some sleep. We'll figure this out tomorrow."

"Good night, Astrid."

"Sleep tight, Stormfly." And dragon-girl instantly drifted off to sleep. While Astrid lay awake, staring at the ceiling. _This will be a long day_, she sighed.

* * *

><p>Hiccup dreamt he was free falling out of the sky, Toothless seemed to be found nowhere. "Toothless?" he looked around in panic, the spot of land below him grew larger and larger in seconds.<p>

"Toothless!" Hiccup thrashed around, flailing his arms at the sides. Toothless still has not appeared. He looked down below him and suddenly the land disappeared. He felt that he wasn't falling anymore, but gliding.

"Whoa, this is amazing!" Hiccup screamed in excitement. He kept his arms stretched out and felt the wind underneath his body that carried him away.

Hiccup smiled in his sleep, while light green eyes bore at the back of his head. The boy snuggled his pillow and let out a soft hum of content.

"Hiccup," a voice whispered, its eyes staring intently at Hiccup's sleeping figure. The boy just squirmed in response and edged closer to the side of the bed.

"Hiccup!"

"Shh, I'm flying." Hiccup's were still close and swatted the air between him and the voice.

"Wake up!" the voice hissed, a bit aggravated.

"Later, flying. Promise." Hiccup mumbled in his sleep. Suddenly, Hiccup felt something warm and wet on his chin, and then it traveled to his cheek and forehead. It tickled him.

"Wake up," the voice urged. He knew that voice, it belonged to Toothless. The boy started to wake, his eyes still closed. He could hear Terrible Terrors on his rooftop. He probably overslept and Toothless is impatient for his flight.

"In a bit," Hiccup yawned, but his eyes refused to open. Then out of nowhere, reality hit him; it was another day at Berk. His body ached from all the work he did yesterday. Who knew planning a festival was that draining?

"C'mon!" Toothless licked Hiccup on the face repeatedly, slobbering the poor boy in saliva. Hiccup was quite surprised that he wasn't drenched yet; usually a lick or two was enough to give him a bath.

"Okay!" Hiccup wiped his face using his sheets. He groggily opened one eye and saw Toothless' tongue sticking out on his face.

The tongue looked strange, it looked like it shrank down in size. Hiccup adjusted his vision and rubbed his eyes, this time, he could see clearly. It is a tongue, but it's aâ€"human tongue!

Hiccup abruptly looked up and his emerald eyes met light green ones that sat squarely on the face of a boy, looking at him intently.

"WHAT THEâ€"!" Hiccup toppled off the bed in shock, and quickly tried to scrambled up by untangling himself clumsily from the sheets. Hiccup looked horrified; a boy just licked him on the face! While he was asleep! -Who wouldn't be?

"OH GODS!" He steadied himself, "WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT? Hiccup screamed at boy sitting on the bed. His voice was oddly shrill. But he didn't mind, he was too preoccupied to get the spit off his face by clawing it off.

The boy shrugged, "You wouldn't wake up." He had this sheepish smile like he wasn't exactly guilty for what he did.

"AND YOU LICKED ME?!" Hiccup looked at him incredulously, his eyes were so wide they looked like they're going to pop off their sockets at any second. But the boy didn't stir; he just casually sat on the bed like he owned the place.

"I always do, or would you prefer the roof?"

"WHAT ARE YOU?" Hiccup almost pulled out his hair in disbelief, when he stared again at those light green eyes. Then he backtracked, those eyes, that voice—then it dawned on him. "Ohhh," he breathed and his mouth formed a small 'o', hanging the last syllable in his lips.

Toothless just nodded at him and gave him his signature lop-sided grin: human version.

"OHOO NO-NO-NO!" Hiccup's voice went up a notch again. Toothless covered his ears with his hands. The boy paced around the room, running his hand into his hair and fisting a handful of strands.

"How, is this possible?" Hiccup whirled around and faced the boy. This week had been a roller coaster ride for him, and it's not yet even halfway through. The pressure was so heavy that he just plopped down on the chair beside the bed and looked down at his feet.

Toothless shrugged and jumped off the other side of the bed, "Well, what'd you expect after the Norse-talking dragons?"

The dragon-boy trudged around the sheets and stretched out his new arms. He looked at them curiously, turning his palms, wiggling his fingers and opening-closing them.

"Cool, they're like tiny paws." He grinned at himself. Hiccup was still looking at the ground, lost for words. Toothless' face contorted into a frown.

"Hiccup?" his voiced etched in worry. But Hiccup didn't move. Toothless crossed to the other side of a room in three uneasy strides. He stood just in front of Hiccup.

"I'm okay bud, I'm just a bit overwhelmed right now," Hiccup gave him a half-smile, his gaze still fixated on the floor.

"Ohh, do you want me to do something?" Toothless offered. Hiccup shook his head and turned his gaze in front of him.

"Huh," Hiccup blinked. He just realized that Toothless is standing in front of him in his birthday suit. Hiccup's face paled.

"Toothless!" He turned his head away and stretched out his hand in front of him, shielding his eyes away from the embarrassing (but mostly horrifying) sight.

Toothless cocked his head at the sight, wondering what Hiccup was doing. It was the same stance Hiccup used when he first trained him. Then Toothless figured that Hiccup was afraid of him.

"Don't worry Hiccup, I won't hurt you" Toothless advanced at him, thinking he should nuzzle him with his snout. But he doesn't have a snout anymore, so instead, he charged at him and tackled him to the ground.

"See, I told you I won't hurt you!" Toothless happily announced and

gave Hiccup a lick on the chin.

"Good morning indeed," Hiccup groaned.

* * *

><p>Meatlug tossed and turned in her bed. The nipping at her back became unbearable. At first, it was cold and ticklish, now it's burning and prickly. She squeezed her eyes shut and tried to concentrate on falling asleep to shake the feeling off.<p>

"Yeow!" She yelped, when prickly feeling suddenly felt like a stab on her spine. She bolted upright, tossing the covers off her at the process.

"Huh?" she gasped, flexing her fingers in between the sheets of her bed. She slowly brought her hands up to her face and stared at them.

"Is this a dream?" a small whisper escaped from her lips, she gently caressed the skin on her new arms with her hands, then it traveled to her face. She pinched her cheeks and they burned in pain.

"WHOA," Meatlug yelped again, a mixture of astonishment and pain clouding over her. The soreness in her body became heavier. She crawled clumsily on the floor and successfully climbed in Fishlegs' bed after a few stumbles.

The burly boy's body was turned away from her. Meatlug peered down and poked the Fishlegs' chubby cheek.

"Dad! Psst, Daaaad!"

"Meatlug, daddy needs his rest," Fishlegs mumbled in his sleep, not minding the Gronckle's turned-girl.

Meatlug's eyebrows knit together and slammed her fists on the sleeping boy's arm. "But Dad, look!"

Fishlegs didn't budge. Meatlug huffed and with all her might, rolled him out of the bed. Fishlegs landed at the floor with a noisy _oof!_

"Owww, Meatlug!" the burly boy groaned, "What's wrong with you, girl!"

"Look!" she screeched at him bewildered. Fishlegs held his head and used his arms to climb back to his bed. He came face-to-face with a freckled-faced girl, with gold eyes and chestnut brown hair.

"OH THOR!" Fishlegs screamed and clutched his heart. He immediately pulled away from bed, his back up against the wall of the room. His fear-stricken eyes bore to the girl's golden orbs.

"It's me, Dad!"

"Me-Me-Meatlug?" He stuttered. "Y-You're-" His voice is caught in his throat and the pressure in the room weighed him down. Fishlegs collapsed on the floor and blacked out.

"Ugh, Dad!" Meatlug groaned, pulling a fist-full of brown locks in exasperation. She cautiously stepped down the bed, held on to a nearby table for support and clumsily walked over to the boy.

"Can you not do this nooow? _Please!_" Meatlug screeched and shook Fishleg's limped body roughly. But to no avail, it did not stir. She noticed the mug on top of the table and crawled on her knees to get it. She splashed the water on the boy's face and instantly woke him up.

"B-But y-you're aâ€"girl," he sputtered, Fishlegs' eyes bulging out.

"I thought that was established a long time ago?" Meatlug sighed and shook her head. Her body was so sore and she was tired of dealing with the situation. She just sat at the foot of the bed, and laced her arms around her. She didn't notice before how cold she was.

"No! W-What I meant is _HUMAN _girl!" Fishlegs' blurted out. Then he noticed Meatlug shivering on the floorâ€"naked. Panic started to rise up again in his mind.

"W-Wait! You need clothes! _OH THOR_, what would my mom say when she sees you!" The burly boy shot up and ran to his drawer, with Meatlug's eyes following him. _Clothes?_ She thought. Then she remembered the things wrapped around her rider's body.

She eyed the blanket on the bed and wrapped herself in it. She instantly felt warmer and safe. Meatlug tried to stand up on her two feet. She had a hard time balancing on such a fragile state.

"I think this is fine?" she called out to Fishlegs' who disappeared to the other room. She slowly took a step to the window and peered down. Two figures were approaching her house.

"Hey Dad, it's Hiccup! Ohh, and with someone I don't recognize. Should I go down and greet them?"

"NO!" Fishlegs' head suddenly popped in the doorway looking very stern. "YOU ARE NOT GOING OUTSIDE LOOKING LIKE THAT YOUNG LADY" he bellowed.

"Butâ€"I"

"First, I have to get you some "appropriate" clothes," he appeared on the doorway with his hands on his hips, his eyes narrowed at her. Meatlug groanedâ€"he's giving her the 'parent-look' again.

"I know just the thing!" Fishlegs' beamed, and quickly shuffled out of sight. Then he popped his head back in the doorway, and gave Meatlug another stern look "Wait here and do _NOT_ go down. You hear me girl?"

"Jeez," Meatlug just rolled her eyes at him.

* * *

><p>Toothless kept squirming in his clothes, feeling uncomfortable in his new set of skin. For him, wearing clothes are heavy and itchy. He didn't like the feel of wool against his skin. Hiccup lent him his

old green tunic and some leather pants they found lying around the boy's closet.<p>

The sleeves of his tunic hung right above his wrist, making the top oddly small on him. The leather pants did not give any consolation for his demise. It was too tight and it brought all sorts of itch on his lower body.

"Stop scratching, you look like you have fleas." Hiccup laughed at the dragon-boy's irritation towards clothing.

"This is torture! How can you humans stand wearing this thing?" Toothless snapped, scratching the back of his neck then his belly. A day had not yet passed and he already misses being a dragon.

Hiccup just snorted as a response and the two stopped in front of Fishlegs' house. Hiccup strode to the door and knocked twice. While Toothless, stayed on the background furiously scratching and clawing at his clothes.

After a few seconds, a bewildered Fishlegs' opened the door. "Hiccup! You're here!" Fishlegs stuttered. Hiccup gave him a half-smile as a greeting.

"So I guess, that's Meatlug?" Hiccup peered over the burly boy's shoulder. Meatlug smiled shyly at him, hiding behind her rider.

"And that's Toothless?" Fishlegs pointed at the scratching boy behind Hiccup. Fishlegs looked at Toothless. The Night Fury has inverted triangle-shaped face, a narrow nose rounding at the tip, and light green almond eyes. He has olive-colored skin and his messy short hair is jet black. He appeared to be the same height as Hiccup.

"What do you know, he's hot" Fishlegs deadpanned.

"Toothless?" Meatlug gasped, stepping out of her 'father's shadow'. Once she stepped in the light, Hiccup and Toothless could see what Meatlug really looked liked.

The Gronckle had a round face, big doll-like golden orbs, long thick lashes and a button nose. Her hair is a mop of wavy brown locks that was flowing down her shoulders. She has a light-tan skin and freckles were scattered on her face and arms.

She was wearing a simple green tunic dress, but what surprised them the most was that, Meatlug wasn't chubby and big, as the two boys had initially guessed. Instead, she was curvy and small in stature.

"That, I didn't expect." Hiccup shrugged and Toothless nodded in agreement. The Night Fury skipped a few steps and hugged the Gronckle.

"Good to see you, Meatlug!" he greeted her. Meatlug patted him on the back and chirped a Good morning to her friend.

"Uh, Hiccup do you think the flower caused this?" Fishlegs asked him worriedly. Hiccup sighed and nodded. "I'm pretty sure Fishlegs."

"If Meatlug and Toothless turned, does it mean that the other dragons

too?" The burly boy's wide excited eyes bore into Hiccup's amused expression.

"Most definitely,"

"If that's the case, I bet Hookfang looks like Gothi!" Toothless guffawed, imagining an old Hookfang walking around with a cane. The Monstrous Nightmare was the oldest amongst them.

Meatlug chuckled at the thought then narrowed her eyes at Toothless, "I wonder what Stormfly looks like?" she let the words roll off her tongue.

Toothless eyes brightened, "Maybe, she looks okay," He told her nonchalantly then shrugged. But deep down inside he can't wait to see her. _Obviously beautiful,_ he smiled to himself.

"But the real question is, what does Barf and Belch looks like" Fishlegs spoke up. _Two human heads attached to single body,_ they thought. They four looked at each other and shuddered.

* * *

><p>"Belch, hey." He felt someone nudge him on the face. The sun's rays were burning down on his back and helped him to wake.<p>

"Barf? What is it?" Belch yawned and blinked his eyes groggily. Trying to focus his vision on his brother's blurred face. But somehow it looks different.

"Uhm, Dude. I have hands." Barf frantically waved his hands in front of his brother's sleepy face.

"Eh? Hands?" Belch blinked, when his vision readjusted "â€"Whoa those are hands!" he quickly scooted away. Barf's jaw dropped and his eyes wide in surprise,

"And you'reâ€"holy son of a troll!"

"Dude, I have my own body! YES!" Belch jumped up in glee, touching his face, arms and chest excitedly.

"Dude, dude, I have feet! Real feet!" Barf announced, sticking his feet up in his brother's face. He grabbed his legs and excitedly felt them.

"I have my own body!" Belch cried out, jumping up and down. He was internally screaming from happiness. He loved his brother, but the feeling of having your own body was beyond amazing!

"Uhh, am I in the wrong house or something?" Tuffnut spoke up at the corner of the room. He was looking at the two boys strangely.

"Tuffnut! We're Barf and Belch!" The Zippleback happily announced in unison.

"Your dragon?" Belch offered the confuse Viking.

"You don't look my dragon," Tuffnut told him unconvinced. "Y'know

they're big and scalyâ€¦ Oh, and they breathe fire." Then nodded at them.

"Are you kidding me? WHOAAA!" Ruffnut screamed excitedly. She threw off her covers and scrambled to the Zippieback. Examining the boys with keen eyes.

"Not my dragon!" Tuffnut announced loudly.

"Of course dumbass, they've gone human," Ruffnut snickered at him. The two boys nodded in agreement. Tuffnut just looked at them, still waiting for an explanation. Ruffnut looked him strangely.

"Psh, I knew that." Tuffnut said at last. "So, uh, does your hands work?" He stared at the boys' hands.

"Wanna give it a try?" Ruff offered with a mischievous smile, "Barf," she ordered. The boy pulled back his left arm and hooked Tuff on the face. Knocking the boy down on the floor.

"Hey, that hurt!" Belch winced holding his left arm.

"What hurts?" Barf asked his brother curiously.

"This?" Ruffnut punched Belch on the stomach.

"Oww!" Both boys winced and doubled over and groaned. Ruffnut does really hit like a guy. Their bodies are sore from the blows they took.

"How 'bout this?" Barf pinched himself on the inside of his arm,

"Hey! Cut it out!" Belch yelled, and felt his skin burning.

"Whoa! You can feel my pain. Literally!"

"Let's try it one more time!" Ruffnut announced and smacked Belch on the head.

"Owww, Ruffnut!" Barf hissed. Belch held his head and groaned in pain. This isn't exactly what he planned.

"Oops."

"I guess you both feel each other's pain." Tuffnut concluded, still lying down on the floor staring up at the three teenagers.

"That is so cool!" Ruff clapped her hands in amusement. "I wish Tuffnut can feel my pain too! But y'know I won't feel his."

The boys gave each other a half-smile. They now have an understanding that even though they both have their own bodies, they aren't entitled to their own feelings. _Well it's too good to be true,_ the two boys sighed dejectedly.

"By the way, I think you guys need to wear some pants. It's not really a pretty sight from down here,"

"Oh, "

* * *

><p>Stormfly stirred in her sleep, she felt a heavy weight pressing down on her body. She slowly opened her eyes as she began to wake.<p>

"Astrid?" she murmured. The girl beside her, bolted upright. Dark circles ringed her eyes and her fair skin was paler than usual. Astrid lay awake all night.

"Hey, girl. How're you feeling?" Astrid yawned. The night's work had taken a huge toll on her energy. She was tired but right now she needs answers.

"I'm fine. I feel like crap though," Stormfly breathe a tired smile. She sat up, wincing every now and then at the soreness of her limbs. Astrid jumped off her bed and shuffled to her closet.

"We have to go to Gothi's. I think the flower's magic is stronger than we initially thought." The girl rummaged through the drawers. Stormfly cocked her head at her, confused.

"What flower?"

"The one we found. The one with the blue sapphire-center with clear tear-like petals,"

"But what's that gotta do with this?" Stormfly pointed to herself with her eyebrows raised.

Astrid stopped rummaging through her closet. "Aha!" she pulled out a simple brown frock-like-tunic. She turned around and faced Stormfly.

"Gothi said that, the Mani's brooch is the reason why you're talking in Norse. Long story short, Fishlegs spilled the flower's essence on the water basin you guys drank from. That's why it tasted bitter. It is certainly isn't dangerous, but it's more powerful than we thought." Astrid shrugged and handed the frock to Stormfly.

"Mani's Brooch is also called the Dragon's flower," the girl added.

Stormfly took the clothes from Astrid's hands using her mouth. Astrid laughed and gently tugged the frock free from the dragon-girl's bite.

"You're not a dragon anymore, girl. Use your hands," Astrid took her hands and helped her grab the frock. "You'll get used to it." She smiled at her reassuringly and helped Stormfly to dress. If this what feels like to have a little sister then she's definitely enjoying it.

Once they were done, Astrid helped Stormfly up on her feet and straightened her out. She did the girl's golden locks in a simple plait. Stormfly looked at her feet shyly when Astrid eyes inspected her. She looked simple yet very beautiful. For some reason, Astrid felt proud.

"C'mon," Astrid tugged her hand and together they went to see Gothi.

* * *

><p>"That's strange," Astrid looked around the hut. It was deserted, but there was fire on the hearth. Stormfly looked through the shelves curiously, eyeing the jars filled with herbs, books in different sizes, and some wooden boxes at the corner. She always visits the healer's hut before, but she never had the chance to go inside since she was too big to enter the doorway.<p>

"Maybe she went out?" Stormfly offered, swabbing a thick coat of dust on the table with her pointer finger.

"It isn't like Gothi to leave so early in the morning,"

Astrid looked around the cupboard, hoping to see some kind of a note that would lead to the old healer's whereabouts. Of all times Gothi has to disappear, it has to be now.

"Fishlegs might know where she is. I've seen him visit Gothi yesterday." Stormfly chirped.

"That's a great idea, let's go back." Astrid walked towards the door with Stormfly following behind when something glittering in the sack at the corner, caught the Nadder's attention.

Astrid was already out of the hut, when Stormfly dashed to the sack and picked up the object. It was the flower. But the one on her palms was smaller and much more heavier. It looked liked it was made from glass and sapphire.

"Th-This is the real Mani's brooch! How come Gothi has it?" Stormfly's eyes were wide in shock. "Stormfly!" Astrid called out from outside.

"Coming!" She frantically pocketed the brooch and dashed outside. She had a feeling that Gothi is not around Berk anymore and won't be back anytime soon.

* * *

><p>AN: Hello guys! I'm really sorry for not updating for weeks. Anyway, I hope you like this chapter. Please tell me if I'm making the characters OC. I just recently found out that I spelled 'Gronckle' wrong the entire time. Hahaha, I'm so sorryyy! I'll fix it ASAP. Hopefully this chapter would give me some consolation since I managed to spell it right. (Sorry Meatlug!) **

**And I wanted to ask if my story line is quite dragging? My friend told me it kinda is and I wanted to know your opinion on this. Do you guys like the pace or is too slow or too fast. Criticisms are very much welcome. **

Zaeva, I hope this chapter served you a dose of some sisterly love from Astrid and Stormfly. I had fun exploring their relationship with each other.

Lala2010, I hope you continue to like the next

entries.

****Trystrike****, I'm very much honored that you are inspired by this story to do another Human!Stormless. I actually think there's a scarcity of fanfictions that involves in this type of pairing. I do hope more people would write about it, hehe. I also infused some of your suggestions regarding what the dragons would look like as humans. So thank you!

I tried drawing 'em Human!Dragons. But I'm not sure if I would post a link here or I'll do it via tumblr instead. Hehehe. Lemme know what you guys think.

****I will post the next chapter by tonight or tomorrow. I already written it but it's still halfway thru. ****

Thank you again for the support on this story. I know that not all fancies the Stormless/Toothfly pairing. But I do hope that you enjoy this.

7. Chapter 7

A/N: As promised! Next chapter. :) I tried not to drag it too much.
:D

****Chapter 7: Fee Fi Foe? Fum.****

* * *

><p>"Clang, clang, clang!" The sound of the dock's bell rang across Berk. "Trader Johann is here!" One Viking announced. A chorus of excited gasps, cheers, and hurried footsteps drowned the alarm.<p>

Trader Johann pulled up his boat by the docks. Where a crowd of villagers gathered around to greet him.

"Berk, my favorite land in all of the archipelago!" He greeted them. Hiccup stepped forward and ordered the villagers to help Johann tie the ship to a nearby post.

"Trader Johann, you're early." Hiccup greeted him with a smile.

"Ah, master Hiccup, the chief invited me to spend the Walpurgis here on Berk," The trader explained, unlatching the ramp on his boat. "Business is open!" he announced.

The Vikings ambushed the ship excitedly. Soon enough, Trader Johann was busy managing his customers on board.

Hiccup searched around for a new bottle of squid ink, while Toothless sniffed the pile of wooden boxes.

"Hey bud, let's get you new clothes" Hiccup told him, eyeing the trunk full of clothes at the corner of the ship.

"Why wear clothes, if I can wear nothing" Toothless looked at him incredulously. The thought of wearing another set of clothes dreaded him.

"Toothless, you can't just run around naked. That's wrongâ€¦ and disturbing. But really, you might catch a cold."

"I'm not afraid of any cold,"

Hiccup rolled his eyes at him, _stubborn dragon_, he muttered under his breath. He went to trunk and fished out a leather sleeveless tunic dyed in dark purple and some black leather trousers. He held them up to Toothless to see if they were his size.

"Hey babe," Astrid kissed him on the cheek. She was also carrying a bundle of clothes under her arm.

"Milady, Good morning." Hiccup smiled at her and noticed the bundle, "Where's Stormfly?" he asked looking around.

Astrid pointed to the girl at the back of the ship, fiddling with some of the mirrors that were on display.

"Y'know, you two could pass as sisters." Hiccup told her, marveling how Stormfly and Astrid looked alike with their blonde hair, beautiful faces, and stature.

Hearing Stormfly's name, Toothless peered over Hiccup's shoulder. Astrid waved to the girl and Stormfly sauntered to them.

"Hey, uhhhâ€¦" Stormfly greeted the Night Fury, but the boy was shamelessly staring at her. "Toothless?" She called out again. Toothless just smiled at her, still zoned out. Stormfly then began telling him about how different it is to be a Human and how she misses her Nadder spikes.

Toothless' eyes were still fixated on Stormfly. He knows she's beautiful, but the Stormfly in front of him was beyond words.

"Toothless?"

"Ohh, Hey, Storm." Toothless blinked and snapped out his trance.

"Are you, okay?" Stormfly gave him a strange look,

"Huh? Yeâ€¦yeah, of course, why wouldn't I be?"

"Uh, you're kinda spacing out,"

"Psh, No." Toothless laughed awkwardly, then immediately cleared his throat "Sorry, what're you saying again?"

"I said, kinda feel weird without my spikes, it just doesn't feel 'me'" Stormfly gave him a half-smile.

"Stormfly!" Astrid called her. Stormfly nodded and turned on her heels. "Oh gotta go, see you later!"

Toothless waved a good-bye at her and went back digging through the pile of trinkets beside him.

* * *

><p>Meatlug and Toothless were sitting down on a stone ledge at the plaza. Hiccup and Fishlegs began the preparations again for the Walpurgis.<p>

"Hey guys!" Two boys with sand-colored hair approached them. They both have gold eyes and looked completely identical.

"Barf? Belch?" Toothless asked them, surprised that they didn't looked like a mutated human/thing.

"In flesh," The two boys announced and proudly showed off their unattached bodies.

"Thank Gods, they spared you." Meatlug sighed in relief. She was afraid what the Zippieback would look like.

"Or it'll be like an experiment that have gone wrong," Toothless snickered quietly to himself. Unfortunately, it was still loud enough for the twins to hear.

"What does that suppose to mean?" The Zippieback said in unison, their eyes narrowed at him.

"Nothing," Toothless grinned at them. "How'd you guys found us anyways?"

"Oh, we asked Hiccup. He told us to look for a douche in purple clothes," Belch smirked at him. Toothless cocked an eyebrow at him.

"Considering you guys have four eyes, it shouldn't be hard. Unless, of course, your heads got tangled as usual."

"Ha-ha, witty." Belch rolled his eyes.

"Have you guys seen Hookfang? I'm really curious what he looks like." Meatlug excitedly told them.

"Probably moping how disgusting he looks now." Barf snickered, remembering how much Hookfang looks down on humans.

"Being Human is kind of awesome!" Meatlug laughed, she flexed her hands and waved them.

"But I still miss being a dragon," Barf complained. "Walking is tiring." Barf added.

"Vikings walk all the time, but they it still seems that they need less feeding." Toothless shrugged.

"True," the dragon-turned teens nodded in agreement.

"Guys, want to play Tag and Chase?" Meatlug offered. Half of the day had already passed and she was bored out of her wits. Their riders wouldn't let them do anything since they were still clumsy in their new set of limbs.

"Sure, we really couldn't do anything. They're busy preparing for

some party" Toothless agreed with her.

"Technically it's a festival, not a party," Stormfly chirped in, sauntering to them.

She wasn't dressed in her light brown frock anymore. She was wearing a light blue knitted top with off-white fur vest. Her short dark-blue skirt is embellished with golden yellow intricate patterns at the hem that matched her dark leggings and dark brown boots lined with fur.

"Stormfly, whazzup!" The twins' greeted her, ogling a bit at the process. Toothless rolled his eyes at them.

"Barf and Belch, you guys looking good" Stormfly grinned at them. Indeed, the twins looked handsome. They're both taller than Toothless and they both looked identical. The only thing that differentiates them both was that Barf has a lighter hair color than Belch's and his short-sleeved leather tunic. Belch wears a long-sleeve one.

"We have our own bodies!" Belch told her as a matter-of-factly.

"Hey, what about me?" Toothless jokingly moped. But he was kind of jealous that Stormfly complimented them. The two boys chuckled to themselves, they know what Toothless were thinking. _Hopeless_, they both thought.

"Of course, Toothless. You always look good." Stormfly smiled at him.

"You bet!" The Night Fury beamed.

* * *

><p>The sun started to set when Toothless, Meatlug, the twins and Stormfly decided to finish their game. They spent the day in their favorite clearing.<p>

"Gotcha!" Toothless tackled Stormfly to the ground and pinned her down triumphantly.

"Hey, that wasâ€" Stormfly started to protest, but Toothless rolled off her and clawed the ground.

"Toothless?"

"It hurts," He told her through gritted teeth. He was on his knees, his forehead touching the ground. Immense pain shot up on his spine and needle-like pricks, pricked his lower back.

"Toothless? What's wrong?" Stormfly asked him worried. Toothless' back arched and he let out a yelp.

"Meatlug!" Stormfly screamed, panic flushing over her. "W-Wait, I'll get some help," She wanted to hold Toothless but she couldn't risk it. "Meatlug! Barf! Belch!" She screamed again for help.

"Stormfly?" Meatlug ran towards her, worry stricken on her face. Barf and Belch closing behind.

"Call Hiccup quick!"

"What happened to Toothless!?" Belch dashed towards them. He grabbed Toothless' arm and slung it over his shoulders, Barf did the same thing with the other arm.

"Can you stand up man?" The Zippleback boys gently helped Toothless up on his feet but the Night Fury's knees suddenly buckled almost causing him to double over. Good thing Barf and Belch was holding him.

"Crap," Toothless hissed under his breath and winced in pain. His face was stained with dirt and sweat.

"Hiccup! Hiccup!" Meatlug ran back to the village and frantically called out the boy's name.

"Meatlug, what's up?" Hiccup acknowledged her with a worried look on his face.

"It's Toothless!" She panted and quickly dragged Hiccup to the clearing with Astrid and Fishlegs following behind them.

Hiccup found Toothless lying down on the ground; Stormfly cradled his head on her lap. She greeted Hiccup with scared eyes.

"Hey bud, what happened?" Hiccup crouched down on one knee and inspected the boy.

"M-My back, it hurts" Toothless winced. He tried to swallow a yelp that formed a lump in his throat. Hiccup gently turned him over and pulled back his tunic revealing a big scar on Toothless' lower back.

"A scar? Why would you have a scar this big?" Hiccup gasped in astonishment.

"Astrid, call the healer."

"Gothi's not in her house Hiccup," Astrid told him. Hiccup thought for a second and an idea crossed his mind.

"Hmm, call Phlegma. She'll know what to do."

* * *

><p>Astrid fetched Phlegma at the Great hall. While on the way to the clearing, Astrid told shield-maiden about the strange transformation that happened to the dragons. Then, she told her about what ailed Toothless. The woman just nodded her head and said nothing all throughout the walk.<p>

Phlegma the Fierce asked Toothless to lie down on the grass, with his back facing them. He first let the boy chew on some herbs she brought with her. The teens gathered around and watched them with curious eyes. Phlegma gently poked Toothless' back and the boy winced in pain. She poked to another part of his back and watched the boy's reaction.

"Just as I suspected," Phlegma finally spoke up, standing up from the ground.

"What is it?" Hiccup asked her worriedly.

"A fractured spine and tail bone," she told them. "Toothless lost a tail fin when he was a dragon right? It might have damaged his tail too."

"I-I don't get it," Hiccup looked confused.

"In animal world, tails are extensions of the spine. Since he turned into human, naturally the tail will shrink and it will manifest as a spine since, of course, we don't have tails."

"That's actually cool, for us humans, damaging your spine can mean death. It affects how we control our limbs." Fishlegs spoke up, fascinated.

"Basically, it's like the saying, you go for the tail since a downed dragon is a dead dragon?" Toothless croaked. The pain eased a bit, when Phlegma gave him some medicine.

"Correct!" Phlegma smiled at him. "You are one smart lad." Toothless just grinned at her weakly.

"Well, that explains why he doesn't have missing limbs," Barf whistled. "No offense, bro" Belch added.

"Interesting," Hiccup watched his friend in amazement. He certainly didn't expect that. Though, he was kind of curious as to why Toothless didn't have any missing limbs when turned human.

"Now, don't do anything strenuous Toothless. When you were a dragon this might have been nothing. But now you're human, well, you're fragile as a glass." Phlegma warned him.

"So no more rough-housing with Stormy okay?" Belch smirked at boy on the ground. Barf and Meatlug snickered behind him.

"Hey!" Toothless' face flushed crimson.

"We were not!" Stormfly snapped at him indignantly, her cheeks stained in bright pink.

* * *

><p>When the sun finally set, the teens gather around the Meade Hall to have their dinner. Toothless' pain was completely gone.<p>

"Toothless, don't you like your fish?" Hiccup asked the boy who looked at the food on the table offended.

"How can you murder a perfectly good salmon? If you cook it, it'll lose all its flavor!" Toothless groaned.

"Humans doesn't eat raw fish," Hiccup looked at him as if he grew a second head.

"Well, except for Mildew, he also smells like one." Astrid added, making Hiccup snort.

"Come on, you need to eat." Hiccup urged Toothless. The boy raised his eyebrow at him, giving him the 'look'

"If I knew any better, you're happy that I'm not eating too much. Saves you from going to the dock, and wheeling heavy baskets of fish."

"Do not!" Hiccup replied indignantly and narrowed his eyes at him. "Well, if you put it that way," he eased up and let out a small chuckle.

"The King is here!" Snotlout pushed the doors open and trotted proudly to their table.

"Can't you be anymore louder, Snotlout?" Astrid told him irritated.

"I said, THE KING IS HERE!"

"Guess, not only his ear drums are damaged," Hiccup deadpanned.

"Is that Hookfang?" Fishlegs pointed to the guy behind Snotlout.

He has long straight red hair, slanted eyes and tanned skin. He has a tall, muscular lean frame. He wasn't wearing any shirt, but a dark fur vest was covering his bare chest. His arms were crossed over his chest with his signature scowl plastered on his face.

"Whoa, I thought he'd be old or something." Barf blurted out surprised. Hookfang looks like he's in his middle 20's.

"I'm not that old!" Hookfang snapped back at him.

"Mama likely," Ruffnut ogled at him, resting her head on her hands at the table.

"Ruff, please, there's plenty of me to go around" Snotlout wiggled his eyebrows at her and flashed a heart-melting (?) grin. Ruff winced and stuck out her tongue in disgust.

"Ugh, not you stupid."

"Now that you mentioned it, Toothless looks like he's the youngest." Astrid told them observing their dragons.

"Because I am,"

"Wait, really?" Hiccup turned his attention to him. Toothless nodded at him.

"It's true though,"

"Yeah, Hookfang is the oldest, followed by me, then Barf and Belch is the same age as Stormfly. Toothless is the youngest." Meatlug explained to them.

"Stormfly, I've been meaning to ask you" Astrid put down her mug and

looked at the girl beside her.

"What is it, Astrid?"

"What was your life like before you came to Berk?" Astrid asked her. "I mean, do you have your family? Where did you live?"

Stormfly thought for a moment, staring at the ceiling. The others waited for her response.

"Hm, I was actually orphaned at a very young age. I have a sister though, but she died during one of our raids at another village. I got away and ever since then, I traveled on my own."

"That's kinda sad," Fishlegs frowned. Stormfly gave him a half-smile.

"A little bit, but when you were a dragon back when Vikings and dragons were at war, surviving is the only thing you should care about. On one of my travels, a Nadder told me about the Dragon Island. I went there and served the Red Deathâ€"as you guys call it. Then that faithful day when I was captured here on Berk,"

"Do you have a name?" Astrid curiously looked at her,

Stormfly looked at her mug as if it's going to tell her the answer, _name huh?_ she thought. "I go by anything, really." and laughed half-heartedly.

"How 'bout you, bud?" Hiccup asked Toothless, who was chugging down his drink.

"What about me? There's nothing really to talk about. It's already established that I'm the last Night Fury around the archipelago." Toothless shrugged.

"Didn't you serve the Red Death too?"

"Heh, wouldn't serve that crazy croon any time of the day. I fly solo, that's just my style." He gave them a smug grin.

"So where do you go?"

"I dunno, any where the wind takes me, I guess." Toothless told them off nonchalantly. The others sensed that he doesn't like talking about his past so they dropped it.

"Hookfang?" Toothless inquired, even though he already knew about it.

"Like Toothless, I didn't serve the Red Death. I had my own pack to deal with,"

"So where are they now?" Astrid asked him. Hookfang shrugged,

"Everywhere, they can feed themselves."

"How about you guys?" The teens turned their attention to the Zippleback boys.

"Ohhh we have a family back in Dragon Island," Belch told them.

"Yeah, our mom, dad, sisters, cousins, and oh, Uncle Fred!" Barf finished the sentence.

"Uncle Fred? A dragon named Fred?" Astrid asked them incredulously.

"You have a boy here named Hiccup!" Barf cried out indignantly. _He loves Uncle Fred._

"And Fishlegs!" Belch added,

"Hey!" Fishlegs huffed.

"They said it'd scare trolls away," Hiccup told them,

"How did it cut out for you?" Ruffnut and Tuffnut smirked at him.

"Okay guys, stop." Hiccup waved the tension off before it might result to unnecessary brawn. Who knew that their dragons were much more aggressive and crazier than them? Again, they're_ dragons_.

"How 'bout you Meatlug?" Fishlegs asked his Gronckle.

"I also have my family back in Dragon Island. They never left even after the Queen's death."

"Wouldn't you like to go back?" Hiccup inquired, curiously. There's so much to learn about dragons.

"Nah, I'm happy here," Meatlug's face broke into a big smile.

One Viking approached the teens and called for Hiccup's attention. The group of people behind the Viking was holding different instruments, waiting for the boy's approval.

"Hiccup, the song is finished. Would you like to hear it?"

"Sure thing,"

The band played an up-beat song, and soon enough everyone in the Meade Hall was clapping along to the tune. Others pushed the tables aside and began dancing at the center of the hall. Howls of merriment filled the room.

The Human dragons looked at the Vikings curiously, bobbing their heads to the beat. Soon, Fishlegs, Astrid, Ruff and Tuff joined the dance.

"What are they doing?" Toothless asked Hiccup, watching the other riders with mirth in his eyes.

"Dancing!" Hiccup laughed, when Astrid came over and pulled him off the bench despite his protests.

"This is fun!" Meatlug laughed, crossing her arms with Barf then Belch, then swirled around.

"C'mon Storm!" Toothless jumped off his seat and took Stormfly's hand, pulling her to the dance floor. The girl blinked at him confused.

"Toothless, your back!"

"It'll be fine!"

Toothless mimicked Hiccup's moves with Astrid. He placed a hand on Stormfly's waist, and pulled her to him. Stormfly blushed at the contact, and gave him a shy smile. He then twirled her and caught her. Stormfly laced her arms on his neck, as they danced. It was probably one of the best nights that Stormfly ever had.

* * *

><p>After the dance, Stormfly left the Meade Hall and went to the waterfalls that Toothless showed her. She sat at the edge of the stone pool and looked at her reflection. She looks so different. She fished out the brooch she got from Gothi's and turned it on her palms, examining its beauty.<p>

"Hey, what are you doing back here?"

"Oh hey, Toothy." Stormfly jolted, startled at his sudden appearance. She quickly pocketed the brooch again. "Nothing, I'm just resting." She sighed in relief. Toothless sat beside her and gave her lop-sided smile.

"A little 'dance' got you tired?"

"No, a certain somebody did. Because he wouldn't stop jumping around like a crazed baboon," Stormfly giggled at the memory.

"I wonder who," he chuckled and his gentle gaze fell on her face. The way the moonlight shines on her is breath taking.

"You're spacing out again!" Stormfly mumbled, feeling a bit conscious with the way Toothless looks at her. _Does he think I look weird? _She thought to herself. Beauty in dragon terms is very different from human standards.

"Ey, listen, about a while ago at the boat and right now, I didn't mean to offend you," Toothless started and scratched his nose shyly, looking away. Trying to act cool.

"Hm? Why what'sâ€" "

"I-I-Uh-hm, I-I think you're beautiful," he blurted out, a bit too loud. "Like, really." He looked at her and covered his mouth with his hands._ Snap,_ that wasn't playing cool. His face was bright red.

"Even without the scales and spines?" Stormfly blushed and frowned, trying to look intimidating.

"You know, you could just say thank you." He raised an eyebrow at her

and his face still burning from what just transpired.

"What's the catch?" Stormfly narrowed her eyes at him.

"N-Nothing! Can't you take a compliment? Toothless told her bewildered.

"I'm just messing around with you!" Stormfly laughed, and stared at him in the eyes.

"You look beautiful as well, oh great one" she smiled at him sweetly. Toothless blushed madly and forced himself to calm his raging nerves.

"R-Really? 'Cause my 'hair' is totally fabulous," he joked and flipped his hair with the back of his hand, maintaining a forced grin on his face.

"Toothless!" Stormfly snorted and shook her head at the boy's egoistical come back.

"What? Oh, I have to go. Hiccup's waiting for me."

Toothless stood up and dusted himself, when his head perked up. He rummaged through his pocket, with his tongue sticking out.

"By the way, here. I wanted to give this to you." He crouched in front of Stormfly and fished out a necklace.

"What's this?"

"I remembered that you missed having your spikes. So I (Hiccup most likely) got that from the boat."

The necklace is simple. There were three pendants, hooked into a black leather string. It looked like a miniature version of a Nadder's spikes.

"Thank you Toothless, this means a lot to me." She smiled at him gratefully.

"Here, let me help you with it," Toothless undid the lock and moved closer to Stormfly. He fiddled with the lock until it snapped into place.

He hadn't noticed that he moved too close to her. When Toothless looked up, his face was inches away from hers; the tip of their noses brushing against each other. His hypnotic green eyes looking directly at her warm golden ones. At the moment, Toothless felt like he was melting. What he felt towards her is genuine.

"Oh," Stormfly gasped, her eyes wide in surprise.

"You have pretty eyes," Toothless told her in a low husky voice with a serious expression on his face. Stormfly's heart stopped, her voice was caught somewhere in her body, her mind seemed to have exploded. She couldn't move and couldn't speak; she was stunned. Toothless pulled back and gave her a grin,

"Oh well, have to go. See ya around." He stood up, gave her a small

wave and jogged back to the village.

Stormfly clutched her heart, her ears ringing. Her whole being is blushing furiously. "Stupid boy," she hissed. She held her face and she can still feel her skin burning on her palms. "Stupid, stupid boy," Stormfly patted her cheeks and shook her head, getting the feeling out her system.

Suddenly, she felt a cool breeze nip at the back of her neck. Then heard a low chuckle. She didn't turn around to see who it was. She was sure Toothless was pranking her! After what he did just now, making her feel helpless on the inside? Unforgivable!

The cool breeze nipped at her skin again, it was making her really uncomfortable. "Can you please stop that?" she spat. But the nipping didn't stop, instead it became worse. "Toothless!" she turned around and was surprised to find no one "Huh?"

Instead, she found herself face-to-face with a handsome man. And the thing is, he's transparent. But the outline of his face is visible. Stormfly quickly pushed herself away from him.

'Who?' "Who are you?"

"Hello there, lassie. What's your name?" The man smiled at her warmly, sitting beside her by the pool.

"I'm Stormfly," her name hung in the air. She stared at the figure in front of her incredulously.

"My name's Eindríde."

"I know you, you're the moon's guardian. The legendary Eindríde, the dragons' savior." Stormfly's eyes beamed. Of course, she knew her dragon tales and myths. She couldn't believe that he's real.

"Do you know who you are?" the man asked her with a grin.

"Of course, I'm Stormfly!" she replied indignantly.

"What's your name?" The man asked her again, this time his expression is serious.

"I already told you!" Stormfly cried out exasperated.

"No, you did not." He bit. Eindríde's aura changed entirely. He wasn't welcoming anymore, but he was rather intimidating. Stormfly glared at him.

"What're you?"

"Let me ask you again," Eindríde cleared his throat. "What's your dragon name?" His eyes bore into her soul. As if he's unlocking a puzzle.

Stormfly clutched the brooch on her pocket, and gave out a deep sigh. Her warm eyes turned into a stony glare.

"Helle,"

* * *

><p>AN: **

**Hello, I tried not to drag it too much. I just hope this chapter did some justice! **

Morfowt, thank you for your review! Hahaha, please know in your heart that I'm forever grateful to you and your amazing reviews! 3 I wanted to ask though, what do you mean by awkward context? The way I described the dragons? 'Cause I'm kinda slow when it comes to figuring it out hahaha, sorry ORZ. To answer the question why Stormfly was shaky at first her first steps though she is bi-pedal, it was because she isn't used to her new weight and body balance. As a dragon, her feet had claws that could easily dig to the dirt which can act as support. Another theory that I invented (hahaha) she had wings before, therefore, it acts as a balance. While in human form her wings-turned arms are pure muscle, which can actually weigh her down (hello there, gravity). I hope you like this new chapter!

Sapphire363, That's an interesting perspective! Honestly, that's really cool if Barf and Belch exist in personalities. *strokes imaginary beard* you gave me an idea, dear girl. But alas, in this story though I made them their own persons since the teens always regarded them as two different entities. But I really, really, really love your idea! :D

Grievousrommel, is it weird? Hahahaha! Believe me the first draft was weirder and crazier. Initially, I wanted the Toothless and Hiccup scene to be rated R-16. But I scrapped it off, I didn't want to torment my readers.

**I've concluded that hopefully I'll be ending the story by Chapter 14. So there'll be a few more chapters to go. Yas or Nat? **

Thank you for the support tho huhu, spread 'em feels.

8. Chapter 8

Chapter 8: Stranger from the Foreign Seas

* * *

><p>Stormfly was too focused on kneading the bread on the counter that she didn't notice Toothless slipped inside the room. It had already been two days when she turned human. And during that short span of time, Mrs. Hofferson immediately took a liking to the girl.<p>

"She's still Stormfly, but of course better" as what she frequently tells Astrid. It was quite surprising that Stormfly was a better cook than her rider, which made Astrid extremely pleased. She liked eating more than cooking, anyway. Mrs. Hofferson then taught Stormfly how to make some apple pie and strawberry tart.

It was also been two nights since she last met Eindride at the falls. She never told a soul what transpired that time, knowing that nobody would believe her.

Stormfly was humming the tune that she and Toothless danced to as she shuffled through the cupboards to get her ingredients. She returned to the counter and began slicing the strawberries and apples in cubes.

"What're you making?" Toothless whispered and rested his chin on the girl's shoulder, looking down at her work.

Stormfly, startled with the sudden intrusion, lost her grip on the knife and accidentally cut her finger. The two stared at the gash, dumbfounded for a few seconds.

"Ow," came Stormfly's late reaction. She bit her lip when she felt the pain shoot up in the wound.

"I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you!" Toothless apologized profusely. _He should have knocked,_ and he mentally beat himself up.

"It's fine," Stormfly looked at her finger, blood was gashing out but the cut wasn't that deep. She sighed a relief that it was just a surface wound.

"That won't do," Toothless suddenly took her finger and put it in his mouth, gently sucking the blood off. Stormfly felt her the hairs on her neck rise up, and her face heating up.

"Better?" Toothless licked the remaining blood off and smiled at her. Stormfly shyly nodded at him. "Uh-huh," was the only reply she could manage to make.

"Night Fury saliva has healing properties," Toothless explained and pointed at the wound which had magically stopped bleeding.

They might have turned human, but some of their special dragons abilities remained. Like for Toothless, his magical healing saliva and for Hookfang his fire-starter saliva.

"Of course," Stormfly rolled her eyes at him. Toothless scratched his nose, and looked at her shyly.

"Soo, what're you making?"

"It's a surprise," she winked at him.

* * *

><p>Gothi tied her boat secured on one of the boulders at the shore. She got her bag and slung it over her shoulder, her terrible terrors flying around her. She trudged through the sand and trekked up the hill.<p>

A small wooden hut appeared on top. When she reached her destination, she drew a sign on the dirt just in front of the house. Suddenly, the door burst open, and a sweet tune greeted her.

Wasting no time, she quickly shuffled inside and the door closed itself. The atmosphere inside the hut was homey, in contrast to her barren-like one. A small woman dressed in intricate details sat in

front of the hearth, mixing in her enormous cauldron.

"Gothi, pleasure to see you again. What can I do for you?" her voice was silky. She continued to stir her cauldron without looking up.

Eindride visited Berk, she told her through her mind.

"Eindride? That's strange,"

The dragons started talking in Norse,

"I see," the woman stood up and walked to her cupboard where she pulled out a black leather bound book, just like the one the Gothi has.

"I suppose that one of them is a Nadder?" she asked the old healer. Gothi nodded in response.

"Where's the brooch?" the woman flipped through the book and ran a bony finger across a page.

I left it in Berk. Eindride gave it to me last night.

"That's a shame, if she finds it, it'll be hard to reverse the curse." The woman's lip formed into a tight line. Gothi sighed.

There must be something we can do!

"I'm afraid not. It is up to her if she gets the brooch. Which, I know she will. Eindride has a habit of luring them," the woman smiled at Gothi and gave her the book. The pages weren't missing unlike hers.

"The only thing she can do is to denounce it,"

Gothi read the pages and let out a tired sigh. She can only hope for the best.

* * *

><p>Toothless and Stormfly were sitting on one of the rocks in the Meade Hall, overlooking the plaza. Stormfly fished out a sweet from the basket that lay between them. Toothless was gnawing on a fish and curiously watched the crowd.<p>

In front of them stood a very frustrated-looking Hookfang and Snotlout. Teenage Vikings girls were crowding over the two, exchanging shy glances and hushed gossips with each other.

"Who knew he would look this good?"

"I know isn't he hot?"

"Hush, he can hear you!"

"Hold on to your horses ladies, I know I have the killer looks. But the Snotman doesn't just date anyone," Snotlout told them proudly, looking smug while checking his fingernails. The girls scrunched

their noses in disgust then ignored him.

"Hookfang, are you free tonight?" one girl sauntered over to the Nightmare, swaying her hips as we walked. Hushed gasps and scowls erupted from the crowd. Snotlout's jaw dropped and frowned at his dragon.

"I'll be patrolling the village, like I always do." He told her unflinching. The last two days were starting to become unbearable. Though he first liked the attention, then girls in the village seemed to be getting crazier and bolder with their motives, which made him tired, and bit of scared.

"Are you sure? I could help you with it?" she shyly looked up to him, her eyelashes fluttering seductively.

"No," came the Nightmare's curt reply and walked away from the crowd. The girls immediately followed him, eliciting another chorus of hushed whispers and giggles.

Toothless snorted at the sight, he never had imagined that Hookfang would be this popular. Most especially with the Viking women, which seems rather odd to be sexually aggressive with a dragon. But what made him laugh the most is Snotlout's epic failure to get a girl in his own species.

"You want some?" Stormfly offered him a slice of apple pie. Toothless curiously stared and sniffed at the sweet that rested on his friend's palm.

"Yeah, what is it?" He took the pie and bit on it. His face melted into an expression of pure ecstasy. "Whoa, this is great!" and took another bite savagely.

"Apple pie," Stormfly giggled. She nibbled on her pie daintily while watching Toothless enjoy his.

"Is this the one you were making a while ago?"

Stormfly nodded and fished out another sweet from the basket. This time it was the strawberry tart.

"Gods, you're amazing!" Toothless took another huge bite. The Nadder girl laughed at him.

Stormfly's nose scrunched when she saw bits of crumbs scattered on the boy's mouth. She suddenly reached for Toothless' face and thumbed the crumbs off, causing Toothless to slightly stiffen under her touch. The boy blushed.

"There, all better! You eat like a hatchling," she grinned at him. The boy just nodded at her looking a bit dazed.

Two Viking girls walked to their direction, they were exchanging shy glances and whispers then followed by giggles.

"Hey, Toothless!" One girl called out to him. Toothless snapped back and turned his attention to them.

"What can I do for you ladies?"

"Can you help us with the decorations?"

"When?" Toothless dusted his hands and cocked his head at the girl. Stormfly is just silently watching them.

"Well, we're hoping right now, but it seems you're with Stormfly. Maybe later," The other girl spoke up, apologetically.

"Ahhh don't worry about it. She doesn't mind," Toothless laughed. Stormfly shot him a look, but the boy failed to notice it.

"Really?" The girls' eyes beamed, wide smiles appearing on their faces.

"Sure, why not!"

"Thanks, you're the best!" One girl stepped forward and gave him a peck on the cheek. She shyly skipped a few steps back.

Both girls waved their goodbyes and started breaking into giggles as they departed from the scene. Toothless looked dumbfounded for a few seconds but just shrugged it off. Meanwhile, Stormfly's ears seemed to be ringing and shot Toothless a nasty glare.

"Hey where are you going?" Toothless asked her surprise when she abruptly stood up and jumped down the hill.

"I don't mind. Not at all," she huffed her cheeks turning a bright shade of pink. She skipped a few steps and started to jog away.

"I'm going back, seems you have work to do. You're not supposed to slack around y'know." She added, her voice crisp and high.

"Storm! Hey!" Toothless called out to the retreating figure. He sat back confused, "What's her problem?"

Stormfly's jog became a sprint and she ended up panting at the back of the Hofferson's house.

"The nerve!" She screeched at the air, glaring at the unknown as if it offended her.

"Thanks, you're the best!" she mimicked the girl with a high-pitched voice, flipping her hair over her shoulder dramatically. "Bah!" she kicked the bucket in front of her and sent it flying a few steps away from her.

"Stupid littleâ€" Stormfly ran to the bucket and began kicking it around like a soccer ball. Astrid's head suddenly popped out of the window above her.

"Whoa, what's the matter, girl?" Stormfly kicked the bucket one last time and collapsed on the ground panting.

"I'm fine, Astrid." Stormfly scowled under her breath still glaring at the bucket.

"You don't look like you're fine,"

"I am really, I justâ€”uhhhhâ€”tripped" She lied, but the emotion in her voice betrayed her.

"Uh-huh," Astrid put her hands on her hips and raised an eyebrow at her. She knew the girl was lying, of course. But quickly dismissed her interrogation.

"After you're done submerging that bucket under your wrath, go to the bakery and tell Silent Sven to deliver the bread and sweets to Mulch. He'll store them for tomorrow's festival."

"Okay," Stormfly looked up and smiled.

"I'll meet you at the docks after," Astrid added. And with that, she turned around leaving Stormfly silently cursing herself.

* * *

><p>Astrid and Hiccup were standing at the docks, greeting the guests that would be spending Walpurgis with them. A massive black ship with a scary-looking ram head carved to its front sailed to the dock. On top of its mast, hung a white and black banner with an Eagle's crest embroidered on it.<p>

As the ship reached its stop and released its massive sturdy ramp, a man in his early 20's stepped out. He has a large built, almost like Hookfang's but a bit bulkier. He has tattoos in red ink and scars on his arms. A gentle smile plastered on his charming face.

"Been a while now, since I stepped on this land." He looked at the place in wonder.

"Welcome to Berk! Is this who I think it is?" Hiccup excitedly brisk walked to him with Astrid following behind.

"Why, Hiccup. Don't you remember your old pal, Fritjof? The son of Garth the Cursed!" The man greeted him, equally enthusiastic. He clamped Hiccup on the shoulder, and the boy looked at him in wonder.

"Of course, I do!" Hiccup laughed, he ran his hand over his hair looking a bit surprised. "Gods, Fritjof, look at you! Youâ€”You look so, different!" he gestured to the man in front of him, like he just popped out of nowhere. "Not in a bad way, of course!" Hiccup added.

Fritjof laughed heartily and gave Hiccup a bear hug. "Thank you for your kind words, brother."

"And who is this lovely lady may I ask?" He turned his attention to Astrid, who was just looking at them amused. Hiccup straightened himself up and cleared his throat,

"Ohh, I forgot. Fritjof this is Astrid, myâ€”"

"Girlfriend. Pleased to be your acquaintance." Astrid smiled at him and held out her hand for a shake but Fritjof bowed down and kissed her hand like a true gentleman.

"You're one lucky lad, brother!" He looked at Hiccup proudly which

the boy returned with a pleased grin.

"By the way, where's your father?" Hiccup looked at the ship, waiting for a much larger man to appear at the doorway.

"Ahh, he's at home. He sent me here for my chiefting practice. But it's still too early for me to take the throne. I still want to explore the seas, you know?" Fritjof told him bitterly.

"Tell me about it! Dad's been going on and on about the chiefting for months! It's driving me insane!" Hiccup chuckled and nodded in agreement. It feels good that someone shares his pain.

"I heard that you've trained a Night Fury, brother. Is it true? And now, you're living with dragons!" Fritjof asked him eagerly. Hiccup faked a cough and awkwardly ran his hand over his hair, not making eye contact with the figure in front of him.

"Uhhh yes, but my dragon isn't here right now. He andâ€"uhh, some other dragons went back to Dragon island. To, uhh, celebrate for their own holiday,"

"They do that?" Fritjof's eyes were wide in astonishment.

"Apparently, they do." Astrid spoke up and gave Hiccup a reassuring smile, which the boy returned gratefully. Fritjof mouthed a "wow," and drifted off in his imagination about dragons and their holidays.

"Astrid," Stormfly ran over to them. "Mulch got the message, he'll store them tonight in the freezer."

Fritjof snapped back and his eyes were immediately fixed on the girl in front of him. He is deeply mesmerized by her beauty. He felt his heart skipped a beat.

"Thanks, girl." Astrid patted the girl's head and gave her a light pinch on the cheek as thanks. Stormfly pouted at her and noticed Fritjof staring at them. She gave the man a sweet smile and excused herself from the three, running back to village.

"She's beautiful," Fritjof breathe, his eyes following Stormfly as she retreated. He's unable to move, and is simply stunned by the girl's smile. Astrid smirked at the love struck expression on his face,

"She certainly is."

* * *

><p>The moon was high, when Stormfly decided to visit Eindride at the falls. She was curious on how he knew about her name and his relation to their sudden transformation.<p>

"It's been way too long since you visited me, little one." Eindride appeared like an apparition on top of the stone pool.

"Because I have no intention to," Stormfly replied curtly, sitting down in front of him and opened the basket she brought with her.

"I guess you came here to find about your past?"

"Nothing more, nothing less," she fished out a loaf of bread and held it out to Eindride. "Here," she offered.

"Oh no, no, no. That won't do, you have to burn it as an offering," Eindride laughed and taught Stormfly how to make fire using a flint and some twigs that was scattered around the clearing. Stormfly said a little prayer and burned the bread.

"There much better," Eindride inhaled the smoke. "So what do you want to learn?"

"First of all, I'm not the princess," Stormfly glared at him to make a point that's she just here strictly for business.

"Of course you are not. She died a long a time ago," Eindride let out a chuckle.

"Second, she's not a dragon." She continued. But Eindride shook his head and started laughing uncontrollably. Stormfly looked at him, offended.

"Pfft, that, you are wrong."

"What do you mean?" Stormfly raised an eyebrow at him, a bit confused.

"Helle is a dragon. Technically, she became a dragon," Eindride's apparition sat next to her.

"No, she married another man! And you died heartbroken!"

"What you know is entirely a different story, dear Helle. She didn't marry another man. Instead, she made a bargain with the moon and was cursed by the gods," He told her as a matter-of-factly. Stormfly looked bewildered.

"She exchanged her mortal vessel to be a dragon. Unfortunately it has a catch, there must be a dragon who is willing give up his immortality and become human." He added. Eindride looked at the sky bitterly.

"And you did?"

"I loved her," His stony gaze became gentle and sad.

"But that's impossible!"

"Aren't you a Nadder? Isn't it that Nadders are described to be the most beautiful dragon in all of the archipelago?" Eindride turned back his stony gaze and looked at her in the eyes.

"That doesn't make sense!" Stormfly jumped up and threw her hands up exasperated and started pacing back and forth.

"Just like Helle, she was bestowed to be most fairest in the land. She had power, lots of it. She poisoned people's mind with her beauty and intellect. But she was a coward. She ran away instead of facing

her fearâ€”her destiny,"

"I don't understand what this got to do with me!" Stormfly whirled around and faced Eindride looking stumped.

"You are of her bloodline. As the gods decreed, the second daughter of those in her line will bear her name and her curse."

"That's ridiculous!" She rasped, her voice shrill.

"Is it? Have you ever wondered why your sister, Hertha, never lets you attack humans? Or have you ever wondered why you feel so connected to themâ€”for example, with Astrid?" Eindride replied to her listlessly.

"Hertha never lets me fight! She tells me I'm too weak!" she scowled, remembering the way her sister treated her as if she was weak and stupid. "And Astrid is my partner, it should be obvious that I feel connected to her."

"Hertha was protecting you. If you kill a human, the gods will not cease until they kill you. That was another agreement that Helle made. Ha, little one, it's not only with Astrid that you feel like you're obligated to protect isn't it not?"

"Yes, you maybe correct. But what's with the curse? I am not a coward!" she seethed at him, getting tired of their conversation.

"Helle's curse was that, she ran away from her destiny." Eindride sighed rubbing his transparent temples.

"Aren't you doing the same thing _Stormfly_? Isn't it why you're here?" He looked up at her with a smirk. Stormfly stiffened and her blood ran cold.

"Enough!" she cried out angrily. "Whatever you say, I am no coward! I'll prove you wrong!" Stormfly raged and stomped out of the clearing.

Eindride watched her entertained. When Stormfly reached the entrance, she sprinted back to the village. When she is completely gone, Eindride looked at the stars and smiled to himself,

"I'll see you again, dear Helle. When the time is right."

* * *

><p>The Meade Hall was buzzing with laughter. Tribes all over the archipelago, gathered in the hall for dinner, exchanging stories, booze, and food with one another. The teens were busy entertaining the guests.<p>

Stormfly deflated on her seat beside Toothless. She didn't feel like eating tonight. There are too many questions to ask and too many answers to know.

"Hey Storm, you alright? You look glum." Toothless looked at her surprised. Stormfly sighed and pushed her plate away from her.

"I'm fine, Toothless. I just don't feel well,"

"Do you want to go home? I'll walk you if you like." Toothless put down his mug, his expression a bit worried.

"Thank you," Stormfly smiled at him gratefully.

Stormfly and Toothless started to leave the table, when Fritjof strode to their direction. He stopped in front of them and smiled at Stormfly.

"Hey, aren't you the girl from the docks?"

"Sorry?" Stormfly blinked at him, startled by his sudden appearance. Toothless looked at Fritjof quizzically.

"Uhhh," Fritjof started, scratching the back of his neck awkwardly. "My name's Fritjof," he smiled at her apologetically. He was too awestruck to construct a coherent sentence, let alone talk to her.

"I'm Stormfly, pleased to meet you," Stormfly smiled at him again, causing Fritjof to blush a bit. Toothless brows furrowed, he knows what this guys is exactly up to. He balled his hands into fists.

"Stormfly, huh? That's actually a pretty cool name,"

"Thanks," Stormfly laughed making Fritjof blush again.

"I think we should go now," Toothless bit and glared at the man. He tugged Stormfly's arm towards him. Fritjof jolted, surprised to see Toothless beside the girl.

"I'm sorry, I didn't notice you were with someone! I'll be taking my leave now," He apologized and started to excuse himself.

"No, No, It's fine! This is Toothless by the way," Stormfly told him,

"Hey," Toothless replied a bit too crisp and stared him down.

"Toothless, interesting name? Are you guys together?" Fritjof's voice faltered at the end. It would be a shame if Stormfly was already taken, but it wouldn't be a surprise as well.

"No!" The two cried out indignantly, their faces red with embarrassment.

"So siblings then? You look awfully close to each other" Fritjof seemed to ease up a bit.

"No, you're mistaken. We're just best friends," Stormfly shook her head vehemently and waved her hands dismissively.

"Yeah, what she said," Toothless mumbled.

Fritjof laughed and cleared his throat, and then he suddenly clapped Toothless on the shoulder making the boy wince, and bent his head

down.

"So Toothless is it alright if I could kidnap Lady Stormfly for a second?" he whispered to him, but loud enough for Stormfly to hear. In one swift motion, Fritjof grabbed Stormfly's hand, and led her out of the hall.

"Excuse me? Hey!" Toothless stunned for a second, snapped back to reality and quickly followed the two treating figures.

Suddenly Meatlug, Barf and Belch appeared out of nowhere and tackled him on the ground. But they were careful enough not to squish the boy's lower back.

"Toothless! What're you doing here alone?" Meatlug pulled him up on his feet, hiccupping. She had too much mead and ale.

"C'mon!" Barf hooked his arm to his and Belch mirrored the action. Both boys were also a bit tipsy.

"What?" Toothless kicked and squirmed away from their grip, but the boys had a strong hold over him.

"Let's have some fun!" came the three's reply and whisked him to the dance floor.

* * *

><p>A cold breeze greeted them when they burst out of the hall. Fritjof, realized that he was holding Stormfly's hand, and he quickly pulled his hand away apologising profusely.<p>

"He'll be so mad," Stormfly breathe a small laugh. Fritjof led them to one of the stone benches that stood erect on the hill just below the hall. He offered Stormfly a seat first, which the girl took immediately.

"He's quite protective of you, huh?" Fritjof chuckled, sitting down next to her. He sat a respectable distance away from the girl.

"Yeah, but he's sweet like that," Stormfly smiled.

"Sorry for being rude, but I really wanted to talk to you."

"And why's that?"

"I don't know actually. It seems that you've caught my eye. Would you like to be friends?" He did that awkward scratching behind his neck again, looking shyly at her.

"Well, I'm very flattered, Sir Fritjof." Stormfly snorted at how polite he is to her.

"Call me Frit," he offered.

"Well Frit, what do you want to talk about?"

"HEY YOU!" Toothless yelled at him on top of the steps of the Hall. He looked really pissed off. Toothless jumped down from the flight of

stairs and stormed towards them. Boring holes through Fritjof's head.

"Don't you ever do that again, you hear me?!" He growled at him and grabbed Stormfly's hand and pulled her up to her feet. Fritjof's jaw dropped and looked at him dumbfounded.

"Come on, Storm. You need to rest," He gently led her away. Stormfly just nodded and waved goodbye to the man. Toothless turned his head back to Fritjof and gave him another death glare then smirked.

* * *

><p>All throughout the walk, the two didn't talk to each other. Toothless' scowl disappeared as soon as they left Fritjof. He still hadn't let go of Stormfly's hand and he doesn't have any intention to. The Nadder girl on the other hand, didn't mind it, and just hummed a tune along the way to pass time.<p>

When they reached the Hofferson's residence, Toothless let out a tired sigh and leaned on the doorframe. He look so washed out that Stormfly broke into fits of giggles.

"Haha, what happened to you?"

"I got abducted by Meatlug and the twins," Toothless looked at her and gave her a weary smile. "Sorry, I took so long. Did that brute hurt you?"

He inched closer and held her face and turned it side by side, checking if she has some bruises or scratches. Stormfly shook her head and beamed at him.

"No, he's quite nice actually,"

Toothless pouted and rolled his eyes at her, "I don't trust him. Just be careful." Stormfly raised an eyebrow at him a playful smile on her lips.

"Get some rest now, okay?" Toothless grinned at her and nuzzled his nose on her cheek affectionately.

Stormfly blushed at the contact. They usually do that when they were dragons, but now they're humans, it feels different. It feels,_intimate_.

"Okay, Good night Toothless," she whispered timidly. She doesn't know why she's acting this way around him.

"Night, I'll see you tomorrow," Toothless waved at her and jogged to his house.

A small but sweet smile crept on Stormfly's flushed face as she watched the boy's retreating figure.

Maybe, just maybe, admitting her feelings to him to herself is all right. And maybe, just maybe, it wouldn't be all for naught.

She closed the door and went to bed. For tonight, she won't worry about the curse she bears. Because for tonight, she actually feels

safe.

* * *

><p>AN:** Hello everyone, I was suppose to post this tomorrow. But, I couldn't resist not updating the story ASAP. I had fun writing this and I feel that this chapter is the most flooded one when it comes to emotion and Stormless interaction. Phew, believe me, it's tiring to write out your emotions haha.

Before I would proceed, I would just like to thank everyone who supported me and this story. Seriously, 30+ follows? I couldn't have made it this far without you guys. I never ever thought that I would reach that far! Cheezy, but true. Your reviews, faves, and follows inspired me to continue writing and pushed me to finish this. So again, thank you.

For **Guest**, thank you so much. I like it very detailed when it comes to imagery. Glad you liked it!

For **zaeva**, I wanted to answer your question as soon as I read your comment, but I guess this chapter will answer it for you haha. About the Terrible terrors, I'm sorry but I cannot include them anymore in the actual story. But don't be disheartened since I'll do a special chapter soon and I promise I'll include them in the mix. ;)

For **Morfowt**, Thank you for pointing that out! I was re-reading the last chapter and I felt that the "interrogation" scene was rather odd and robotic. At least now, I know why haha! And yes, your example is perfectly clear, so don't worry 'cause it helped me a lot to do this chapter. I just do hope that I've improved. And I think we were thinking the same thing since I also wanted Hookfang to be like a ladies man. By the way, I hope to read your story soon! :)

For **Lala2010**, I do hope this chapter answers your question. :D But I assure you though, Eindride's role here will be rather minimal but important.

For **Grievousrommel**, I hope this chapter can cure your insanity, hahaha!

I just found out that **I can post my responses through the comments section**. At least now, I don't have to wait and post first an update before I can answer your queries. :)

Again, How'd you like this chapter? spread 'em feels. hihi.

9. Chapter 9

A few more chapters to go! Whooo!

**Chapter 9: Eve of Walpurgisnacht **

* * *

><p>Colorful lanterns lined high up at the stone poles that stood erect on Central Plaza. Merchants from all over the different tribes unloaded their carts and lay their products on the sides of the

streets. Berk was buzzing with every other kind of activity because today is Walpurgisnacht.<p>

Meatlug's shoulders were hunched up from the cold breeze, she yawned and rubbed her black-ringed eyes. She groggily watched the buzzing plaza from the porch of her house.

"Good morning!" Stormfly chirped and hooked her arm to hers. Meatlug yawned and tiredly nodded her head at the girl as a form of greeting.

"Had too much fun last night?" Stormfly laughed, eyeing the girl amused. Meatlug nodded and rubbed her temples, her lips forming a tight line.

"It was a blast. But that mead gave me a massive headache," she sighed. Stormfly laughed at the memory.

"And you have to drag Toothless with you guys,"

"Yeah, I should apologize to him later," Meatlug yawned again, stretching out her arms. "And speaking of Toothless," she glanced at Stormfly, her eyes raised questioningly at her. "What's up with you two?" she smiled slyly.

"What do you mean?" Stormfly cocked her head at the side, confused at the Gronckle's question.

"Really Stormfly?"

"What?"

Meatlug sighed and wagged a finger in front of the girl's face. "Listen, at first I didn't noticed it. But I'm pretty sure that you like Toothy,"

"Shh!" Stormfly reddened and hastily clapped her hand over her friend's mouth a little too tightly. Meatlug, eliciting muffled noises, struggled to break her mouth free from the girl's hand.

"Well, it's not like he feels the same for me you know!" Stormfly retorted exasperatedly and unclapped Meatlug's mouth. Meatlug held the sides of her face and moved her jaws.

"Huh? What the are youâ€" "

"Good morning you two," Astrid strode up to them, frowning. Her hair was pinned up and she was wearing a long, soft and slim maroon dress with gold intricate pattern at the hem of the skirt and on her sleevesâ€"a far cry from her usual armor of spikes and leather.

"Good morning to you too, Astrid." The two girls greeted her.

Astrid smiled at them and tugged at her sleeves resentfully. If it weren't for Hiccup's request, she wouldn't wear the stupid and itchy frock. Remembering her task, she looked at Stormfly and cleared her throat.

"Hiccup's looking for you,"

Stormfly nodded her head as an acknowledgement and said a short goodbye to the two girls, then walked to where Hiccup is. Immediately after Stormfly left, Astrid went to the docks to greet the arriving guests, leaving Meatlug yawning and watching the plaza by herself.

Stormfly found Hiccup crouched in the middle of the plaza, stretching out a huge parchment on the ground. Toothless was also crouched beside him, curiously looking at the content.

It was a map of Berk and Hiccup was planning where to put the stalls, the stage, the final decorations for the festival tonight and tomorrow. Stormfly stopped in front of them, casting a shadow on the map.

"Hey, Stormfly." Hiccup greeted her, giving her a cheery but tired smile.

"Good morning, Hiccup." She smiled at him and looked at the boy beside him, "You too, Toothless." The Night Fury gave her a toothy grin.

"You called for me?" She asked him, when Hiccup focused his attention again on the map. Hiccup's head suddenly jolted up and did his hand gestures.

"Ahh y-yes! I was wondering if Mulch mentioned anything to you where the tarts will be placed? He's gone fishing and he'll be back later this afternoon. And to fly to him" he awkwardly laughed, "Well, it's not really an option."

"Ahh, not to worry! He told me that Phlegma would handle them. I saw her at the bakery if you need her." Stormfly reassured him.

"That's great, thanks Stormfly." Hiccup sighed in relief and proceeded to study the map again, dismissing the girl.

"No problem!" Stormfly shifted her position, preparing to leave the two boys. She gave short nod and waved at Night Fury. "I'll be going now," the girl quickly left.

Toothless stared at the figure of the retreating girl, a small smile formed on his lips when he remembered the memory from last night. Without him knowing, Hiccup was observing the boy from a side-glance.

"Toothless,"

"What is it, Hiccup?"

Stormfly was already halfway from her house when she stopped dead on her tracks. "Oh drats, I forgot to tell Toothless!" And clapped her hand on her forehead.

She was deliberating every night whether to tell Toothless about Eindrige. But it was only last night when she finally made up her mind. She quickly ran back to the plaza, hoping the boys are still there.

"What's with you and Stormfly? Hiccup asked Toothless, his eyes narrowed at the boy beside him.

"Huh?" Toothless cocked his head to the side and raised an eyebrow, "What do you mean?"

Stormfly overheard her name when she was a few steps near them. She quickly hid herself at the back of a wheelbarrow, behind where the two boys sat. She listened to their conversation intently, slightly holding her breath.

"You know what I mean, you sly reptile!" Hiccup laughed and ruffled Toothless' hair, "You didn't think I would noticed what you did last night?"

Toothless fixed his hair, grumbling under his breath how Hiccup ruined it. The boy beside gave out an amused chuckle.

"Oh, the one with the Frit-guy?" Toothless smoothed the top of his head and pretended to sound like it wasn't a big deal.

"Who else? Standing up to him, acting all possessive with her? Ha, you like her don't you, bud?" Hiccup playfully nudged him on the arm with his elbow. Toothless' face reddened.

Stormfly covered her mouth, inching a bit more closer to the edge of the wheelbarrow to hear them a bit more clearly.

"Of course not!" Toothless replied to him indignantly and swatted Hiccup elbow away. He stood up and dusted himself off.

"Then what's with the act?" Hiccup raised eyebrow at him, not buying Toothless' retort. The Night Fury turned his back at him and stared at the wheelbarrow in front of him.

"Well?" Hiccup waited for his answer.

"Heh," Toothless faced him again and gave him a toothy grin. "Who else is fit to protect her? Besides, wouldn't it be dangerous if the guests knew that we are actually dragons? They might do something to her."

Hiccup laughed and shook his head, then looked at the map in front of him. "You're probably right."

"Of course, I am." Toothless crouched down beside him again, "Now, let's finish this up and we'll have a snack. I really miss flying though!"

Hiccup lips formed a small smile, _Yeah, right._

* * *

><p>A chip flew pass her cheek, as Stormfly desperately pulled out a dagger that was lodged deep on the trunk. Astrid started teaching her a few basic combat skills, in which she quite failed miserably. The only thing she had a potential in, was with a dagger.<p>

"This is no good!" she hissed under her breath. Gripping the handle

firmly with both hands and readied her self for the last pull.

She didn't understand it, but she was extremely frustrated today. What Toothless revealed to Hiccup a while ago, made her chest ache and heavy.

Stormfly placed a foot on the trunk for support and pulled the dagger out of the tree. But she exerted too much force that she sent the dagger flying off her grip.

"Hey! Watch where you throw!" Fritjof immediately ducked down and followed the dagger with his eyes. Perplexed, he turned around to give the clumsy idiot a piece of his mind when he saw Stormfly standing in front of him.

"Ohhâ€" "

"Sorry! I didn't mean to! It slipped right off my hand!" Stormfly apologized, horrified of what just happened.

"Stormfly?"

"O-Oh, Frit!" Stormfly blinked at the recognition.

"What're you doing here?" Fritjof turned around and retrieved her dagger on the ground.

"I'm just, uhhhâ€"practicing!" Stormfly stammered, awkwardly ringing the ends of her braids. Fritjof nodded at her direction and laughed.

"Well, your aim is kinda sloppy. You should really work on that," He handed her the dagger, which she accepted shyly with open palms.

"I'm not used to this kind of thing, if it was before, it's a whole lot easier!" Stormfly grumbled, glaring at the dagger. If it was her spikes, her aim will be perfect!

"Before?"

"D-Don't mind it! I was just talking to myself."

"Here," Fritjof plucked the dagger off her palms and focused on his aim. "This is how you throw it," In one fluid motion, the dagger was ripping thru the air and struck the middle of the tree. "See?"

"Whoa, tha-that's pretty amazing!" Stormfly clapped her hands and stared at the dagger in awe. The throw was clean and crisp.

"You'll get the hang of it," Fritjof laughed, rubbing the back of his neck embarrassed. He sat down on the boulder behind them.

"Thanks, Astrid's been teaching me lately. Wait 'til she sees this!" Stormfly excitedly pulled the dagger out and sat beside Fritjof.

"So, are you and Astrid sisters? 'Coz you two look kinda alike,"

"Well, sorta. It's a long story. She adopted me, you see." Stormfly started, thinking of how she will phrase her words.

"Ever since then, I pledged my life to her as her partner. Whenever she goes, whatever she does, I'll be faithful to her. Besides, that's the least thing I can do for her kindness."

"Since you were a babe? So grew up here, huh?" Fritjof asked her, a bit surprised that she was actually an orphan. Stormfly shook her head and smiled at him.

"No, I just moved into Berk a few years ago because of Toothless,"

"Toothless?"

"Yeah, he kinda destroyed my home," Stormfly laughed at the memory of the Red Death. She couldn't believe that was already years ago.

"That's terrible!" Fritjof's eyes widened, mortified.

Stormfly waved her hands in front of her and shook her head dismissively. Fritjof misunderstood her statement.

"No, don't misunderstand! If it wasn't for him, weâ€"I mean, I could have been trapped under our Queen's evil tutelage until now." She explained and looked up at the sky fondly, "He kind of saved me."

"Wow, you're really close with that guy, huh?" Fritjof stared at her expression.

"Well, frankly, he's my best friend." She broke her gaze and smiled at him. "And I guess, that's all we'll ever be," she whispered as her eyes, downcast. Feeling a bit awkward, Fritjof cleared his throat.

"By the way, do you have a dragon of your own?"

"Dragon?" Stormfly blinked at the sudden question.

"Uhhh, yeah? Like Hiccup has that Night Fury, and Astrid has a Deadly Nadderâ€"which I haven't seen yet, he told me that they were out on a holiday! Like their own dragon holiday! That's kind of amazing!"

"He told you that?"

"Yeah! So do you?" He asked her excitedly, his eyes twinkling.

"Uh, I really don't have a dragon. It's not really my thing, you know." Stormfly smiled awkwardly. How could she tell him that she is the very dragon that Astrid is riding? He probably think that she have gone ballistic.

"I see, so you're the type who stays at home rather than to get scars on her knees," He snickered.

"Excuse me?" Stormfly raised an eyebrow at him, a bit

offended.

"Hahaha, I'm just joking!"

"Okay, enough about me, what is your type?" Stormfly laughed and narrowed her eyes at the man playfully, making him blush.

"Me?" He asked her dumbfounded. "Oh, I would love to explore the world," He told her looking at the tree in front of him, trying to calm himself down.

"Would love to? So you haven't?"

"I did actually, but not too much. You can't expect to search the world by just using a boat! It will be too slow!" He laughed. "That's why I wanted to come to Berk, to learn about dragons and to ride one."

"Dragons are amazing creatures, they're free to roam anywhere they go!" His voice was full of wonder, stretching his arms to his sides, mimicking how dragons fly. Stormfly looked at him incredulously and let out a small giggle.

"So, you want to be a dragon then?"

"Of course not," Fritjof chuckled. Stormfly cocked her at the side, confused. He set his arms down and inched closer to the girl.

"Dragons, though mighty and powerful they areâ€”I think are very lonely creatures." He told her in a hushed tone.

"And why is that?" Stormfly pouted, more confused than ever. Fritjof laughed again and looked towards the sky.

"They live on for centuries, witnessing every change that happens in this world. Death and rebirth, things like thatâ€”without them really knowing how many things have passed."

His expression was sad, as if he witnessed what is like to be a dragon and to outlive everything you loved. Stormfly felt a nasty punch in her gut. She just had this talk with Toothless a few days ago.

"Don't you think so too?" Fritjof asked her, searching her face for an answer.

"If you put it that way," Stormfly nodded at him grimly. Fritjof, puzzled by Stormfly's reaction stared at the girl.

He was about to reach for her face, when he heard someone shouting his name from a distance. He stood up and dusted his sleeves.

"Ahh, I should probably head back now." He told her, Stormfly just nodded at him and politely dismissed him with a smile. "Goodbye, Stormfly." Fritjof waved and brisk-walked out of the forest.

* * *

><p>The sun was already setting when Stormfly came back from the

forest. The lanterns in different colors, started to light up. The Deadly Nadder looked up at the lights in awe. Berk has never been this beautiful, not even in Snoggletog.<p>

"Stormfly, hey!" Toothless ran to her, worried.

"Hey, Toothless. What's wrong?" Stormfly greeted him, startled at his grim expression.

"Where have you been? I've looking all over you! Did that Fritjof guy bother you again?"

"Actually, I was with him a while ago. He's a pretty decent guy. You should really get to know him." Toothless took a step back and frowned at her.

"What?! Didn't I already tell you to stay away from him? I don't trust him, Storm. I can feel something off about him!" Toothless gently clamped his hands on her shoulder. Stormfly's nose scrunched up in irritation.

"Toothless, please!" She plucked his hands off and flipped her braid at the back of her shoulder, glaring at the boy.

"I do not need YOU to protect me! I am not some kind of hatchling! I am capable of defending myself!" she hissed at him, crossing her arms over her chest. Toothless, taken aback, put his hands in his pockets.

"I know," he sighed and looked at her sadly. "You're a Deadly Nadder after all. I'm just worriedâ€"

"As a friend right?"

"Y-Yeah, what'reâ€" He started, confused.

"Good, because that's the only thing I want to hear." Stormfly cut him off, with a steely glare. Her expression softened when Toothless' shoulders sagged and looked defeated.

"Listen, I'll be fine. You gotta trust me," she smiled at him reassuringly. She gave him a pat on the shoulder and walked back to her house.

Toothless' eyes followed her retreating figure as she walked away. He ran his hands through his hair and sighed.

"I do, I always do."

* * *

><p>One Viking blew on the horn and its alarm boomed all over Berk. Several Vikings raced to the docks and helped a brown massive ship to dock. Stoick the Vast climbed down and was followed by Gobber. After days of being away, the chief has finally come back home.<p>

"Son!" Stoick clamped his heavy hand on Hiccup's shoulder. He looked around at the plaza marveling how well the preparation went in his absence.

"Dad, you're back!" Hiccup winced at the impact and gave his father a weary smile. Stoick beamed at him proudly.

"You've done well,"

"I didn't exactly have any choice, do I?" Stoick's deep-throated laugh boomed over the plaza and enveloped Hiccup into a bear hug.

"I knew that you could do it. Anyway, are the guests here?"

"Yes, everything is in order for the Festival later,"

"Good,"

* * *

><p>As soon as the moon had risen on the sky, the festival immediately started. They brought the long tables and benches from the Meade Hall and placed them around the humungous campfire they built in the middle of the plaza. Shops and carts full of goodies and food were lined at the sides.<p>

The guests welcomed each other and started their merry-making as soon as Stoick announced that the festival has finally begun. The music was loud and cheerful, making other Vikings dance around the fire. Soon enough, the whole plaza was packed with people and different kinds of merry noises.

Fritjof was dressed in a light-gray tunic, embellished with black embroidery. He sat at a corner, watching the people dance.

"What're you doing here acting all broody and mysterious?" Stormfly sauntered over to him, flushed with the ale she was drinking.

She was wearing a simple long yellow gown that pooled down on the ground. Her hair was tied in one loose braid.

"Maybe because I'm brooding and I'm actually mysterious?" Fritjof laughed and motioned her to sit beside him.

"Ha, you wish," Stormfly snickered and plopped down beside him. Fritjof grinned at her amused.

"Enjoying the dance, lady?" he teased.

"Not really, I'm not a very good dancer," Stormfly laughed. Fritjof raised an eyebrow at her, with a sly smile on his lips.

"Really now?"

"Don't tempt me," Stormfly jeered and lightly elbowed him on the arm.

"I would never dream of such a thing. But, I would like to offer you a challenge though, that is if you accept?"

"And what is that?"

"To dance with me," Fritjof told her as matter-of-factly, grinning.

"Didn't you hear what I'd just said? I'm terrible at dancing!" Stormfly sounded mortified.

"But I'm not," Fritjof stood up and faced her, "So, do you mind if I have this dance?" The man bowed down and offered out a hand to the Nadder.

"Don't say, I didn't warn you,"

"I beg to differ,"

Fritjof led Stormfly to the dance floor and proceeded to dance with her. At the other side of the fire, Toothless, Meatlug, Barf and Belch were comfortably sitting down on a bench exchanging banters with each other.

"Dude, that Frig-guy is totally low-balling you," Barf nudged Toothless on the arm, when he saw Stormfly and Fritjof on the dance floor.

"What?" Toothless asked annoyed, rubbing his arm.

"Look!" Barf held the boy's head and directed it to where the two figures are. Toothless' brows furrowed and rolled his eyes. He brushed off Barf's hands and looked down on the table picking at the berries on his plate.

"Whoa, Stormy looks like she's having a blast," Belch blurted out, observing the two.

"Shh, don't!" Meatlug started, putting a finger over her mouth and glanced at Toothless. Belch immediately clapped his mouth with his hands, silently cursing himself.

"It's fine. If that's what she wants, we should respect that." Toothless spoke up, nonchalantly. He picked up a berry from the plate and popped it into his mouth. The three human-turned dragons confusedly looked at each other and then to him.

"Dude, aren't you a bit worried about her?" Barf asked, a bit concerned as to why his friend is acting this way.

"Let her be," came Toothless' curt reply.

"Butâ€" "

"We're just friends, that's just it." Toothless bit and dismissed the conversation. It's what Stormfly wants and he's giving it to her.

"Is that what you want?" Meatlug's voice was low, but Toothless heard it. The three teens started their banters again and began laughing in no time.

"I don't know," Toothless whispered to himself. He slowly looked up at Stormfly's smiling face with sad eyes, "No."

* * *

><p>After the dance, Fritjof and Stormfly walked to the ledge over-looking the docks. The two were exchanging laugh at what happened a while back.<p>

"You were pretty good out there, and I thought you said you were a bad dancer!" Fritjof told her.

"Well, I gotta hand it to you. You're a pretty good teacher," Stormfly grinned at him. "Thank you."

They stopped at a nearby stone bench and Fritjof jumped on top it, placing a foot on a ledge, exposing his gold intricately designed dagger that was strapped on his thigh.

"That's a very beautiful blade," Stormfly marveled, when her eyes caught the glint of the blade. Fritjof, unhooked it from his thigh and turned it on his palms.

"It's from my brother, he gave this to me before he left for war." Fritjof's expression turned anguish, "This is all what I have left of him," he sighed.

"What happened?"

"He was just like Hiccup, he always thought that dragons are kind souls. So, he fought against people who tried to kill them,"

"Sounds like your brother is a noble man," Stormfly told him, imaging what his brother is like.

"He sure is. I wish to be like him someday, but I always fail at it." Fritjof laughed, his voice pained.

"Don't," Stormfly shook her head vehemently. "I think your brother would like you to live better than him."

"Thank you, Stormfly." Fritjof smiled at her gratefully. He stared at the horizon where the moon illuminated the sea. Stormfly nodded. He glanced at the girl beside him, the moon shining down on the girl's pale but beautiful face, illuminated her strong features.

"It's beautiful isn't it?"

"Y-Yeah," Stormfly suddenly uncomfortable of the man's eyes. "Tell me, what is it like to travel?" She piped in, changing the subject. Fritjof's eyes brightened.

"Ohh, you get to meet different people and experience their culture. Taste different kinds of treats, and drink different kinds of ale, it's beautiful really. You learn and you experience at the same time," He told her, enthralled at the memory.

"But the downside is, you don't feel attached," he added.

"Hm?"

"You don't feel committed to the places you've been to. It's like you felt their experiences but never actually bonded with them. So leaving and going to another place doesn't hurt," Fritjof explained.

Stormfly looked at him curiously, a thousand of things running in her mind.

"I really like you, Stormfly." Fritjof coughed. Stormfly suddenly jolted from her trance, surprise at the sudden interjection.

"Listen, I know that some of your friends think that my intentions for you are no good, but I wish for you to trust me," Fritjof scratched the back of his neck with his free hand, looking at the girl modestly. Stormfly opened her mouth, to say something but the man cut her off.

"Here, I only wish to protect you. But, I know you can that yourself. You're a strong girl." He handed her his gold dagger.

"I can't possiblyâ€" Stormfly started, but Fritjof wouldn't take no for an answer.

"Please, take it. It is a token of gratitude as well for our new friendship." He wrapped the dagger in her palms and smiled at her gratefully.

"I trust you Stormfly. That's why I'm giving this dagger to you. I know that you'll use it for great deeds." He traced Stormfly's chin with his finger and walked away, leaving the girl duped, and clutching the dagger on her chest.

Stormfly walked back to the plaza, and paved her way back to her friends. Meatlug saw her and pulled her to them.

"Where'd you run off too?" The Gronckle asked, concerned about her sudden disappearance. Stormfly just shrugged and smiled at her friend. Meatlug rolled her eyes at her.

Stormfly plopped down beside Toothless, her expression blank. She fished out the dagger from her side and placed it on top of the table. Toothless, glanced at the dagger and put down his mug.

"Nice blade," he complimented, but his tone sounded off.

"Thanks,"

"Fritjerk?"

"Yeah."

Stormfly bit her lip, and turned to face Toothless, "I gotta ask you something." Toothless tilted his head in her direction, one eyebrow raised. Stormfly clicked her tongue, and took a deep breath.

"What do you feel all about this?" she gestured to the both of them, "I mean, being human?"

"It's okay, but it's not supposed to be," Toothless shrugged, nonchalantly. He took a sip from his mug and stared at the fire.

"Don't you think it's much better?"

"No."

"But why? We can be with our riders and we don't have to live too long to see them pass. Isn't that good?" Stormfly's tone was desperate. Toothless shook his head and looked at her incredulously.

"No Stormfly, it's not. It's our destiny to be dragons. We have to accept that."

"Butâ€" "

"Storm, you're a dragon. Whatever you do, you can't change that. It's who you are," Toothless looked straight into her eyes.

"In our walk, Frit said that it's lonely being a dragon. It-it's not what I want Toothless. I don't want to live for soo long to see everything die around me!"

"I see, well, whatever. I'm glad you had fun on your 'walk,'" Toothless sighed. He shoved his mug away from him and stood up.

"And where are you going?" Stormfly asked, her gaze following the boy's movements. Toothless shrugged and was instantly met by a group of girls, who excitedly circled around him.

"Toothless! You should try this!" One girl told him and held up a sweet too close in his face. Toothless grinned at her and tried to calm the girls down.

"Okay, one at a time!" he laughed, completely indulging himself to the crowd. Stormfly sighed when she realized Toothless ignored her.

"Nice talking to you."

* * *

><p>Fritjof was lying down on his bed. He was holding a small circular wooden locket and affectionately ran a thumb on the surface.<p>

"Not everything will be lost," he whispered to himself. He opened the locket and kissed it.

Inside was a picture of a girl, with long blonde wavy hair and soft gold eyes. _She looked exactly like Stormfly._

* * *

><p>AN: Ahhh! I'm so sorry if I took such a long time to update this story! I've been busy for the past weeks. :(** Ok, first, time for the reviews!

Zaeva: The villagers actually know that the dragon turned humans but they couldn't care less about it haha. I think I portrayed them to be so nonchalant about the whole thing since they are used to so many bizarre moments when it comes to teens and their dragons. As for Stoick, you'll get to see it in the next chapter. :) About Hiccup and

Astrid not noticing, they do actually, but they just don't want to pry. I think I gave out hints before when Stormfly unleashed her wrath on the poor bucket and Astrid didn't buy her excuse but let it go instead. Hmm, well except for now, when Hiccup asked Toothless about his real deal with Stormfly. I do hope that answers your question! :D

****Trystrike:**** ****Yes, there will be a villian,**** that I assure you. Don't worry this fic won't end for naught. I have a few more tricks under my sleeves. :) You'll see more Hookfang action in the next few chapters! And what I meant about the two dragons who aren't aware, well I was talking about meatlug and B n' B about being oblivious of Stormfly's feelings towards Toothless. What I meant was, they (Meatlug, B n' B) knew that Toothless has a crush on Stormfly, but they didn't know that Stormfly also shares the same feelings for the Night Fury. That's why there were so shocked when Hooky told them. :)

****Morfowt:**** Hahaha ooh, Toothless will snap Stormfly out of something alright! But not in a spell though. Hmmm, I'm not sure if you guys noticed, but this actually a story somewhat about ****self-discovery,**** y'know battling with the inner demons and all that stuff. In my weird opinion, I think that's the strongest spell of all, to be caught up in your fears. ****Eindride** is there for a reason, but he's not the problem.** Hahaha, I'm so sorry if it made it looked like anti-climatic, though. About the brooch and the big problem, it will be answered in the next chapter. I'm going to start tying things up by chapter 10 since the story will be ending soon. And yes, Meatlug and B 'n B were drunk =)) (I highlighted some words so readers with the same question/s can see. Usually people just skip the A/N part XD)

****Chapter 10 will be quite lengthy so prepare yourselves, hahaha!** Kidding tho. But it will be quite long. I plan to put everything there, all your questions and the very soul of this story. After that, four more quite short chapters to go and we're done! :)

Thank you for reading 3

10. Chapter 10

****A/N: LONGGGG CHAPPIE EVERYBODY!****

* * *

><p>Chapter 10: The Haunting

There was crushing of leaves and twigs in a distance. A boy of sixteen years with black hair was crouched behind the bushes and held his breath.

_"__Found you!" an eight-year-old boy with red hair jumped out of the bushes and tackled the teen on the ground. "I win, Egil!" he triumphantly sneered at the teen. _

_"__You're getting good at this game," the teenager named Egil laughed and ruffled the kid's hair. The boy beamed at him, obviously proud of himself. "We've been playing that since forever, what do you

expect?" the boy harrumphed. _

_"__Shh," Egil suddenly put a finger over his lips. "Did you hear that?" he asked the boy in a hushed tone. The little boy shook his head and looked at his brother strangely. _

_"__Listen," Egil told him. They were silent for minutes, but the boy still didn't hear anything. Only the sound of the rustling leaves in the wind and the low-humming sound from the crickets. After a few minutes had passed, the boy started to hear faint rumbling, followed by silent hisses._

_"__I hear it!" the boy announced in a small voice. He felt his hair rising up at the back of his neck. He knew that sound very well. "We have to go, Egil! It's dangerous!" but Egil ignored him. _

_"__I'll just take a look, it won't take long." Egil crawled to the sound with his body closely pressed to the ground. _

_"__Egil, please! Papa won't like it." The boy pleaded. He dreaded his older brother's curiosity. Egil continued to follow the sound's direction. He stopped in front of a bush that separates them from the vast clearing at the other side. _

_"__Look," Egil pushed some branches and leaves away, and peered at the small hole he created. He smiled at what he saw. Dragonsâ€"and they were hundreds of them. Different species and colors flocked all over the clearing._

_"__Egil," the little boy tugged at the back of his brother's tunic desperately. Egil turned around and urged the boy to come closer to him._

_"__Just look," he pleaded. The boy sighed in defeat and reluctantly crawled beside the teen and peered into the hole. _

_The boy gasped, they were completely surrounded by hundreds of dragons. "Isn't it beautiful?" Egil marveled at the sight. But the boy was beyond terrified. They need to get out of this hellhole fast!

_

_"__This is long enough, we should really go." He tried to coax his brother out of this insanity. The bush suddenly shook violently. The two boys fell backwards and watched the bush with anxious eyes. _

A beautiful piercing blue nadder's head recklessly popped out of the bush and came face to face with the two boys. A sort of necklace dangled over its neck. The nadder cocked its head and stared at the boys curiously.

_"__Egil!" the boy gasped hitting his brother on the arm. His blood ran cold. But Egil didn't move. He was fixated with the dragon before him. Slowly, he reached out his palms in front of it. _

_The boy's eyes were wide in fear. "What are you doing?!" he hissed at his brother. _

_The nadder stretched out its head and cautiously sniffed Egil's hand. The teen watch the dragon with intent and unmoving. The dragon's eyes were glistening, and they were the most beautiful

golden orbs he has ever seen. At that moment, Egil was mesmerized with the dragon, just like a sailor to a siren._

* * *

><p>Smoke was coming out from a small hut's window. The sun was setting and the sky was painted with various shades of mauve, blue, and orange. Egil fanned the fire and hung the cauldron to heat.

He looked mature now since he's in his early twenties. A girl with long wavy gold hair was curled on the floor beside the hearth and absent-mindedly played with the necklace that's dangling from her neck. Her bright golden orbs reflected the embers of the fire.

_"__I'm home!" the boy entered the room and placed the fruit basket on the table. He was fifteen now, and will be turning sixteen at the next season. The girl sat up and smiled at the boy. "Welcome home, Darick!" she greeted him sheepishly. _

_"__Sleeping all day, Caileigh?" the boy named Darick laughed. He sat beside her while Egil prepared the food on the table, "Believe me, that's all she ever does," he snorted. Caileigh pouted at Egil and flipped her hair back haughtily. _

_"__Aww, you mad?" Darick teased her. Caileigh flicked his forehead and stuck out her tongue. "Hey! That hurt!" Darick hissed. "Aww, mad?" she mocked him. _

_"__That's enough you two," Egil laughed and patted the girl's head. "Dinner's served! Caileigh, go get Papa." Caileigh nodded and skipped out of the house. A few minutes later, she returned together with a man trailing behind her. He was in his mid-forties and looked spent. In his calloused hands, he held an axe with dull edges. _

_"__My, that smells lovely Egil! I'm glad you're home. Darick and Caileigh can't really do much around the house." The father licked his lips at the sight of the food before him obviously starving from a long day's work. Darick and Caileigh rolled their eyes at him and harrumphed. Egil chuckled again. _

_"__Home sweet home," Egil announced happily._

The scene changed, Darick was standing outside a small hut looking distraught. Caileigh was nowhere to be found. Five burly men were standing in front of him, all eyes downcast. The rain had started to fall.

_"__Egil's dead," one of them spoke up melancholy. "We found his body at the forest this morning. He was killed by a dragon."_

_"__It's so ironic that he always want to protect those bloody devils," the man, who was their father, gave out a dry laugh. His face showed intense remorse. "Look at what it got him," he sighed bitterly as the tears fell from his face._

_"__Papa," Darick looked at him and shook his head. "He died for a good cause. And we'll remember him as Egil the Great Protector." He then broke down and punched the ground. His father rushed to his side

and calmed him. _

"Your brother wanted you to have this," he gave him his golden dagger. "But, I-I don't deserve this," Darick refused. His father shook his head and placed the blade on the boy's palm and clasped them.

_It was the weapon that Egil pillaged from another tribe for his first quest. "It was his lucky dagger. You're the only who can have this." _

_Darick held the dagger close to his heart. And for a moment, he felt that the time had frozen. He had nothing left of his brother but this vile thing on his hands. _

"I'm sorry," he whispered to it.

* * *

><p>The rain thumped on the roof. "Wake up!" A massive bearded man shook him awake. Fritjof blinked the sleep away. "Artair? What's happening?" Fritjof groggily sat up and held his head. It was throbbing and he felt something warm on his face.<p>

"You're bleeding." Fritjof blinked and looked at his hand, which was covered in blood. "I must have hurt my self again." The massive man handed him a washcloth and helped him dressed the wound.

"You're dreaming about it again." The Artair spoke up. He helped Fritjof to sit down, and passed him his waterskin for a drink.

"Ever since we set foot here on Berk, it's been haunting me." Fritjof took a swig. His recent dreams are getting hazardous. And now, he finally managed to hurt himself unconsciously. Fritjof was scowling.

Artair cautiously peered out of the window and closed it. "Do you think it's here?" he asked him in a low voice. Fritjof smirked, "Sure as hel. It's definitely here. I can feel it."

"I hope this is not one of those false alarms again, boy." Artair looked at him and sighed. He felt jaded since he had been keeping watch of the boy the whole night.

Fritjof threw the waterskin at his side and stood up. He stretched and flexed his toned arms. The scars on his arms, were deep and jagged, ran up to his shoulders and branched down to his lower back. His forehead and chiseled tattooed chest was covered with beads of sweat. He grabbed his silver knife on the table and unsheathed it.

"By the way, there's this annoying feeling that's been gnawing at the back of my head," He told Artair while turning the knife over while delicately ran his fingers on the sharp edges.

"Berk is hiding its finest dragons somewhere and I'm going to find out why."

"Why do you need their dragons for? They have lots of them littering around. Is it the Night Fury that you've been hearing about?" Artair

yawned his sleep away.

"A Night Fury will be an awesome kill," Fritjof jeered at the man, "but what I'm specifically looking for is the nadder." He licked the tip of the blade with a menacing smile and devilish glint in his eyes.

"How do you even know the _Nadder_ is here? There's a lot of nadders!"

"Mani's Brooch only blooms where the Helle's nadder is, Artair. And I won't stop until I find _IT_." He threw the knife with such force that it lodged on the wall.

"Life for a life." He hissed bitterly and his eyes glittering darkly.

Thunderous footfalls rang outside of their hut. Artair peeked out of the window and noticed white smoke was coming up from the academy. The race was starting.

"Looks like the race is starting," Fritjof announced distastefully and cracked his neck and shoulders.

"Get ready, show's starting." Artair went out the hut and took one last good look at Fritjof and sighed. "Oh, kid. I hope you know what you're doing."

* * *

><p>"What do you take me for, boy?!" Stoick's voice boomed inside the Haddock household. Toothless was lounging on the carpet near the hearth, watching the fire flicker with disinterest while listening to the two stubborn Vikings bickering behind him.<p>

"Dad, you have to believe me!" Hiccup threw up his hands in the air, obviously getting frustrated with his father.

"Believe you?! That, That, this-" he motioned to Toothelss with his hands, "This person is your DRAGON?!" Stoick bellowed. The household shook again, and the night fury just sighed getting vexed with the situation by the minute.

"You know a lot of things have already happened here in Berk. I thought this would be easier for you to take in." Hiccup rumbled to himself sardonically.

"WHAT!" Stoick exploded like volcano which sent the house violently shaking.

"But he's really telling the truth, Stoick." Toothless finally spoke up and dusted himself off. Stoick stared at him in disbelief. "And you! Who're you trying to fool with those heinous lies! Who exactly are you?" Stoick screeched.

"Dragon turned human," Toothless retorted. Stoick face reddened in anger. Who does this imbecile think he is, talking back at him like that in his very household!

"Dad, please, it's really the truth. I can't exactly say how it

happened, 'cause I too, don't know!" Hiccup pleaded trying desperately to make his father understand. "B-Buuut! Gothi does!" he added.

"Gothi?" The chief turned his attention to him. And Hiccup nodded abruptly.

"Yes, when the dragons started talking in Norse, we told her."

"This is very hard to take in, son." Stoick sighed and massaged his temples. "It's just so impossibleâ€|."

His voice trailed off when saw human Toothless grab a handful of raw slimy salmon from dragon Toothless' fish bin, and stuffed it in his mouth. In which he savored every chew.

"If that doesn't prove anything, I don't know what will." Gobber turned green and felt very nauseated at the feat. Stoick shook his head and eyed the boy doubtfully.

"Anybody could eat a raw fish, if they wanted too. If Hiccup is saying is true, then prove it to me that you're indeed Toothless." The dragon boy stared the chief and shrugged his shoulders.

"Every night when you get home, you sit by the hearth in your favorite chair. You get some wood and carve out some duck. Then you talk to your wooden ducks and mumbleâ€"this depends on your mood actuallyâ€"either you miss cradling Hiccup as a babe, or how Hiccup is stubborn as his mother is." He told them nonchalantly. "Oh, and him and Astrid should have grandbabies."

"DAD!" Hiccup looked at him mortified.

"I do not!" Stoick replied indignantly. "Well, maybe the grandbabies," he mumbled.

"DAD!"

"What? I'm not getting any younger, son! You should already plan about your future. Being the next chief, everything needs to be set. And by the way, you and Astrid have been together for years, shouldn't you also think aboutâ€" "

"This isn't about me!" Hiccup cried out. "You know what, forget it! But Dad please, you have to believe me. I know it's crazy but I really can't explain it."

Stoick was about to say something when a succession of sudden blasts boomed all over Berk and rattled the Haddock household.

"What in Odin's beard!" Stoick roared dashing to the window with Gobber following behind.

"It seems like the race will be starting soon, Stoick. It'll be quite embarrassing if the Chief is not there to open it." Gobber chirped, observing the smoke coming from the arena.

Stoick nodded and stomped to the door. But before leaving the house, he turned to two boys inside the room.

"We'll continue this later," he eyed them skeptically and banged the door close. "That's just great!" Hiccup and Toothless both groaned in annoyance.

* * *

><p>Stormfly looked out of the window while absent-mindedly brushing her hair. She had visited Eindride again at the waterfall last night. But before that, she met Fritjof and he had asked her to come with him to his travels. So many things have been running inside her head.<p>

The door creaked open and Astrid silently entered the room.

_"__It seems like you're enjoying your time." Eindride floated down from the waterfall stream. His apparition was quite bright tonight with the moon lighting down on him._

_"__Yeah, being human is fun. There's so many things that you could do. Everything is limited that's why you make the most of it." Stormfly smiled at her reflection on the water. "And then, there's this guy."_

Eindride's eyebrow raised, "this guy?"

_"__His name is Fritjof. He's different. He understands what I feel. He understands what I want. He also asked me come with him, and to leave everything behind."_

_"__So you have made up your mind, then?" _

_"__Not yet," she shrugged her shoulders. Eindride watched her with interest. "I'm not sure, I'm confused." She added. She played with her braid and sighed. _

_"__You do know you're running out of time, right? The power of the moonlight flower will only last until the next full moon." Eindride floated to the clearing behind her, his ghostly voice trailing behind him, "â€| and I suggest you better hurry and make up your mind, Helle." _

_"__It's not that easy, okay!" she replied agitated. She had enough of people gnawing at her back and she wouldn't let Eindride have that luxury too. _

_"__The brooch is already with you, keep it until you have decided. But I'm warning you Helle, if that falls into the wrong hands you wouldn't be able to go back being a dragon."_

_"__How about the others? Wouldn't they turn back as well?"_

_"__Technically it all depends on you. You have the brooch, you have the power to dictate whatever will happen to them."_

_"__I understand." Stormfly collapsed on the ground, staring at the sky. The moon was high but its light is faint._

_"__Try not to drag them down with you." Eindride's apparition suddenly vanished and left the clearing enveloped in darkness again.

—
_There were no stars to provide light in the gloomy sky. Stormfly sighed and clasped the brooch tighter in her palms. She somehow found solitude in the darkness. _

"Girl?" the blonde shield maiden called out. Stormfly snapped out from her trance and look at Astrid puzzled.

"S-Sorry, Astrid. I was just doing some thinking." The nadder greeted her limply. Astrid's smile disappeared when she noticed the deep dark circles formed under the dragon girl's eyes. Her pale skin looked washed out as well.

"Mhm, you seem to be thinking quite a lot a lately then," Astrid recounted. She sat beside the nadder girl and combed her hair, readying it for her braid.

"What's up?" she asked her again while braiding the girl's hair. Stormfly shooked her head and breathe a dry laugh.

"It's nothing,"

"I'm just worried about you Stormfly." Astrid gave her a weary smile. Something has been bothering her dragon for the past days and she's extremely worried about her.

Astrid cannot stand the feeling of being useless when she knows that Stormfly is going through something. But then again, she cannot force her to tell her what it is.

"Sorry," Stormfly apologized when she realized how concerned Astrid is with her. She didn't mean to make her feel that way.

"There, done! Aren't you a pretty girl?" Astrid plaited her hair in a fishtail braid and looked very proud of her work.

"Thank you, Astrid." Stormfly held the braid dearly. Astrid stood up and started to walk towards the door, "Well, just call me if you need anything, okay?"

"Astrid! Wait!" She hesitated to tell her what's going on, but she felt that she was being unfair to her rider. It is now or never.

"Yeah?"

"W-What if I stayed like this forever? What if I don't turn back into a dragon?" Stormfly stammered, ringing the end of her braid in her hands. It took Astrid a few moments to give her answer.

"Well," she started. "Dragon or not, you'll always be my Stormfly. Don't forget that." She smiled at her.

Stormfly felt torn. "What if I never turn back? What if I leave Berk? Would you hate me?" she asked her a tirade of questions desperately. She was surprised to hear Astrid laugh.

"If you never turn back into a dragon, then that's fine with me. You're still Stormfly anyway. And if you really want to go away from

here, I will not stop you. You choose what path you should take, girl."

Astrid's eyes became soft, just like her voice. "I could never hate you, because you're family." Stormfly didn't expect to hear that from her.

"Well, I gotta leave now. I'll be seeing you in the arena later alright?" Astrid quickly exited the room. As soon as she closed the door, a tear fell from her eyes. She had a feeling that this would be the last time she would be seeing her.

* * *

><p>A lot of excited gasps and hollers were swirling around the plaza. A flock of villagers flocked the way to the Arena. Hiccup went on ahead to facilitate in one of the races. He rather be part of the operations rather than to be part of the competition.<p>

Toothless lounged inside the cages and watched the other players with little interest. He saw Meatlug with Daddy 'Legs, Hookfang and Snotlout, the Twins, Barf and Belch, and the other contestants prep themselves up.

Stormfly was standing at the corner looking slightly troubled. Toothless recalled the way he acted towards her recently and felt very guilty. They have not spoken to each other properly for some time now.

Stormfly noticed that Toothless was starring at her, and glanced at his direction. Both of them abruptly looked away as soon as their eyes met.

Suddenly, Stormfly's vision turned dark. Someone was covering her eyes from the back. Is it Toothless? Astrid? Barf or Belch?

"Who is this?" she called out, but no reply came. She felt for the hands, it was rough and calloused. Certainly, it's a man's hand. "Toothless?" she guessed.

A deep voice laughed, and removed his hands from her eyes. The bright light hurt the nadder girl's eyes, and it took quite a few seconds to recognize the face in front of her.

"Hey," he greeted her sheepishly. "Sorry 'bout that," he grinned at her.

"Frit!" she looked at him surprised and slightly punched him in the arm. She noticed that he's wearing some armour.

"You'll be entering the race as well?" she asked. "Yep! Hope I'll win. I heard that Berkians are merciless when it comes to competitions." Fritjof joked.

"You sure heard well," Stormfly grinned at him. Fritjof ran his hand through his hair but accidentally brushed the wound on the side of his forehead, and winced.

"Oh, what happened?" the girl touched his face delicately and examined the wound. Good thing, it's not that deep or he'll be in

serious trouble she thought to herself. Fritjof blushed at the contact and cleared his throat.

"Oh this? I just slipped when I woke up."

"That won't do," Stormfly pouted and searched for something inside her bag. She brought out some herb paste that she often used to dress her wounds.

"Ah, here," she dabbed some the wound making Fritjof wince again. "I hope that'll help." She smiled sweetly at him.

"Thank you," Fritjof returned the smile shyly. Toothless watched the whole thing unfold before his eyes and made his blood boil. He would like to shank that poor excuse of an arse with his claws if he had them right now!

Meatlug also saw the whole thing unfold. She pursed her lip and decided to break the ice, before someone crazy does. Unfortunately, Barf and Belch already beat her to it.

"Hellooooo there, Fritjof! Don't wanna be late for the race?" Barf greeted him slurred, obviously jeering at him. Fritjof raised an eyebrow at them. "Yeah, I heard that Toothless was in this as well!" Belch added grinning at the man.

"Really, now?" Fritjof listened to them with keen interest. Stormfly's eyes widened, "Toothless? He can't possibly do this!"

"And why not?" Out of nowhere, Toothless strode towards them. "I'm pretty confident myself that I can win this race." He told them. But he stared straight at Fritjof eyes, challenging him.

"Oh is that right?" Fritjof smirked at him. "Well, looks like I quite have a worthy competition here. So I wish." The both of them stared each other down, not breaking into each other's pressure.

"Damn right, you bet." Toothless hissed at him. This bitch is going down to where he should be in the first place. And he was determined to destroy him in front of Stormfly.

"Toothless, you can't! Remember what Phelgma said!" Stormfly was worried about condition. She knows that he knows that he can't do this. It would be too risky.

"Why're you even doing this?" she asked him agitated. She couldn't understand why he's acting so recklessly.

"I can handle myself, Stormfly. I don't need your pity." He told her coldly. Stormfly was taken aback at Toothless' sudden change of attitude.

Fritjof just shook his head and smiled, amused at what's transpiring. "Good luck," he patted Toothless on the shoulder a bit roughly and went to his side of the arena. Toothless just snarled at him. "Just wait and see. I'll crush him."

He turned to Stormfly, held her hand tightly and smiled at her. "I'll get you back."

"HUH?" the nadder girl looked at him puzzled, but her heart somehow quickened its beat. Toothless just gave her a toothy grin and ran to opposite side of the arena, "Wish me luck!" he called out to her.

"Gods, you're such an idiot!" She screamed at him, her face red with embarrassment and frustration.

"For you, I'll be the biggest one," Toothless smiled to himself.

* * *

><p>The race is divided into five categories. For Agility, they have to battle in hand-to-hand combat. For Strength and Power, they partake in a relay in the forest with various traps made by Gobber. And to top it off, Endurance, in which they have to drink Astrid's special homemade drink (that eliminated most of the contestants, btw). For Flexibility and Balance, they have the Dragon race.<p>

Toothless and Fritjof dominated the competition and they are both toe to toe with each other. Even Hiccup was surprised that Toothless still possessed his abilities even in human form. Up next will be the last category. For Speed, it will be the Meter Dash. Toothless felt confident he could win this one since he's a night fury after all.

During the break, Hiccup took it as an opportunity to talk to his dragon. "Hey, Bud. Seems like you're fired up out there." He chuckled.

"Never back down from a competition." Toothless grinned at him. Hiccup sighed but a small smile formed on his lips. They both knew what that meant. "Just be careful."

Meatlug and Stormfly were chatting in a corner, when Fritjof waved at her from the distance. She waved back at him. As if on cue, Fritjof sauntered over to them, feeling quite good of himself since he won the last challenge.

"Stormfly I need to talk to you."

"I'll just leave the two of you alone," Meatlug politely excused herself. "Fritjof," she greeted him with a nod. Fritjof returned politely returned the greeting. Meatlug walked a few meters away, but near enough to eavesdrop on their conversation.

Stormfly turned to him, "What is it?"

"I remembered our talk last night. I'll be leaving by tomorrow and I'm just wondering what your answer will be."

"There's so many things to consider," Stormfly's eyebrows furrowed. "I mean, I possibly just can'tâ€¦"

"It's okay, you still have tonight to give me an answer." Fritjof gave her a reassuring smile. He held hands and squeezed them lightly. "Take your time. I'm willing to wait."

"Who would take care of Astrid?" Stormfly suddenly blurted out, recalling the conversation she had with her a while ago. Although Fritjof could take her away, she couldn't just abandon Astrid.

"I think Astrid can take care of herself." Fritjof snorted. Stormfly looked at him offended. "This is my home Fritjof, I can't just leave everything."

"Sorry, I didn't mean it that way."

"N-No, I want to go. But there's so much to think about." Stormfly bit her lip. She was torn in making such a hard decision.

"I better go back. I just want you to be free Stormfly," Fritjof let go of her hands and went back to his side of the court. Meatlug quickly approached Stormfly.

"What was that all about?" she asked her. She had heard every word they've said.

"I can explain," Stormfly started.

"Come here, you!" and she dragged her away farther from the court. "What's the matter with you Stormfly! You know that we're not humans! This is not supposed to be!"

Toothless was on his way to the court when saw the Meatlug pull Stormfly to the sides and had a heated discussion with her. Curious what's the commotion about; he quietly hid himself behind the nearby barrels to hear what they are saying.

"I know that! But this, all my fears, they could all go away!" Stormfly argued.

"What are you saying? Can you hear yourself! Can you see yourself? You're frolicking with that human jerkwad!" Meatlug's voiced raised a bit higher. She had never been agitated before. Ever since that Fritjof came into town, all that Stormfly can talk about is how nice it is to be human.

"Fritjof is not like that! And you don't understand!" Stormfly snapped back at her.

"Not like that?! I don't understand?! Then with all due respect, please make me understand! Because all that I'm hearing now is completely ridiculous!"

Stormfly collapsed on one of the benches, drained. Her head is suddenly throbbing and she feels nauseated. "I'm afraid Meatlug." She told her friend quietly. Meatlug calmed down and sat beside her.

"I don't have to live for so long. Astrid is all I have. I don't have to see anyone go away and leave me behind." She gave out a tired sigh. "I don't want to feel alone and unwanted like I used to before."

Meatlug sat beside her and put an arm around her friend, "You are running away from your problems and you know it. We can help you if you just let us."

"What if you can't? Then I'll be stuck again in this endless dark void." She told her listlessly. The two were silent for a few moments. Then Meatlug spoke up again,

"Or are you doing this for something else?" Stormfly didn't give her a reply. She just stared at the ground hoping to open it and swallow her whole.

"Don't tell me you're in love with Fritjof?" Meatlug reeled back and looked at her friend questioningly. Stormfly shrugged. "It's not like that, but I feel like Fritjof is the only one who understood me the most. I don't know Meatlug."

"Stormfly, what about Toothless?"

Toothless suddenly perked up when he heard his name. All the things he's hearing right now was scarring him,

"What about him? He doesn't need me." Stormfly laughed bitterly when she remembered what Toothless told Hiccup about her. He was actually one of the things that could make her stay, but every time she recalls his words, it breaks her into pieces.

"Is that what you really think about him?"

"That he's a kid that I should always worry about? Then yesâ€|"

Toothless' vision turned dark. He felt a heavy pain on his chest like it was breaking into a million pieces. He punched the ground until his knuckles bled. Soon he felt empty inside, he can't feel anything anymore. What Stormfly said wasn't registering in his brain. Those words she said, replayed over and over again, stabbing the wound deeper and deeper. He needs to get out of here! He crawled on the ground and dashed the other way around. The two girls never suspected that he was there.

Meatlug stifled a laugh, "Oh gods, you're such a bad liar." Stormfly gave her a half-hearted smile, "I wish it was just like though. It so hard not fall in love with him."

Toothless was silent when returned beside Hiccup. "You alright?" Hiccup asked him. The dragon boy didn't reply. He looked like he was in a daze.

A round of blasts went up in the sky again. The last challenge is finally going to begin. The audience started betting on who will be the winner. Some put their faith on Toothless, but most are betting on Fritjof. He was the crowd's favorite after all.

Stormfly and Meatlug returned from their talk and walked to where friends are. Toothless was sitting in one of the barrels and absent-mindedly stared into the abyss.

"Good luck," Stormfly chirped and cheered him on. Toothless didn't even flinch a muscle. He just got up and went to his spot. Stormfly looked at Meatlug, who just gave her a shrug as a reply.

"Come on Toothless, you can do this." He thought to himself. "You can't lose, or you'll lose her forever." He went to his place, beside

Fritjof.

"On your marks! Ready, Set,"

"Good luck, man." Fritjof suddenly whispered to him, throwing out of his game. He then remembered what Stormfly had intended to do. She would run away with this bastard. She never had any feelings for him.

"Go!" the flag fell to the ground and the competition started. Fritjof took off, while Toothless was left behind the starting line.

"Toothless what are you doing!" his friends screeched at the other side. "Shit," He snapped back to his senses and made a dash. He passed by two competitors in a minute. Truly he has a gift of speed.

One lap had gone and one more to go! Fritjof was maintaining the lead and Toothless was not too far behind. A few seconds had passed and they were neck to neck. "I'll win this, I'll win this!" Toothless urged himself on. He felt his back breaking, but he didn't care. He just wanted to finish this for once and for all. Just a little bit more, he just has to hang on a bit more.

"Go guys, go!" Stormfly hollered in a distance. Toothless had finally overtaken Fritjof and was a few more steps away from the finish line, when he passed by Stormfly and then the painful words flashed again before his mind.

"Argh!" Toothless suddenly winced and felt a sharp jab on his back, in which had caused him to double over. The crowd gasped as Toothless fell on the ground. The other runners stopped on their tracks and looked back at him stupefied.

Stormfly covered her mouth and her eyes wide in fear, "Toothless!" she screamed.

Toothless' vision became hazy, his ears were ringing, and he felt nauseated. "Get up!" he cursed himself through clenched teeth. He felt that the ground was moving.

"Bud!" A worried Hiccup ran over to him, followed by the others. Toothless forced himself to stand up. He used his arms for support.

"Hey, you alright?" Fritjof jogged back to him and helped him to stand. Toothless saw Stormfly standing behind the crowd that gathered in front of him.

He saw her eyes that portrayed a mixture of pity and worry. PITY. The thing he hates the most. And the only thing Stormfly sees him as, a pitiful child. Rage and embarrassment engulfed him.

"Don't touch me!" he slapped Fritjof's hand away. He felt violent. He wanted to burn everyone, especially this bastard.

"I don't need your help!" he roared at him. Fritjof was dumbfounded as the boy's hostility.

"Call the healer!" Hiccup yelled to the crowd. But Toothless didn't want any of this attention on him. Even if he's writhing in pain, he forced himself to sprint to the woods.

"Toothless!" Stormfly tried to follow him, but Meatlug stopped her. "Let him be first, Storm."

"I can't just let him be all alone in that condition!" she escaped from Meatlug's grip and followed Toothless to the forest.

* * *

><p>"I told him already to take it easy! But nooo, he have to be so hard-headed!" Stormfly hissed at herself perplexed at the situation.<p>

The sun was already setting and still couldn't find the stubborn night fury. She scouted the places that they usually would go to. She also scouted Toothless' private places. Finally, she saw some movement behind the trees, going towards the small hill. It was Toothless!

"Toothless! Hey!" She called out to him. When Toothless saw her, he started running again. Stormfly pissed off with his actions, ran after him.

"What the hel are you doing!"

"Leave me alone! I don't want to do anything with you!" Toothless shouted still running away from her. Stormfly was gaining speed behind him. He was tired and his back is already killing him, but he's not yet ready to face her.

"Come back here! Stop running!" Toothless made a sharp turn and entered the woods again, dodging the trunks and branches expertly. Stormfly followed suit.

"I would only stop if you catch me!" he challenged her. Stormfly had enough of this nonsense and decided to end the stupid chase.

"Fine, you asked for it," she murmured under her breath. She zipped past through the branches and used that momentum to throw herself up from the ground and to the trees. She jumped from branch to another with amazing balance and footwork.

Toothless was still running and took a second to look back and see if Stormfly is still chasing after him. He was relieved to see that she was nowhere in sight. Suddenly, a dagger zipped past the side of his head, only missing by a few centimeters. The dagger lodged itself on the nearby tree.

"Whoa!" Toothless lost his footing from the sudden attack and toppled over. Stormfly appeared hanging on to one of the branches in front of him, with a triumphant smile on her face.

Toothless quickly pushed himself off the ground, ready to run again. But the nadder swung down and tackled the night fury and he fell face first.

"Gotcha!" she announced, grinning at him. "Watch it! You could've

killed me!" Toothless snapped at her.

"But I didn't!" she laughed as she pinned him down. Toothless squirmed under her weight, his face brushing against the ground was not the position he intended to be in. Stormfly realized that her weight was putting pressure on Toothless' injury.

"Sorry, your back! Did Iâ€" "

"Get off me." Toothless bit. Stormfly quickly get off him and helped him to sit up, which Toothless accepted.

"Sorry, I didn't mean it," she apologized.

"Just go away you stupid girl." Toothless spat out.

"What is it with you!" Stormfly snapped at him. The nerve of this guy, treating her like this!

"What is it with me? What is it with you!"

"You're acting like a hatchling! Hel, hatchlings are more obedient than you are." Stormfly gritted her teeth. He was getting under her skin. If she had her spikes, she would've shot him one right now.

"Thanks for rubbing it on my face that I'm kid." Toothless replied in a small voice. He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. He's pathetic. Stormfly cooled down and approached him,

"You know that's not what I meantâ€" "

"Damn Loki!" Toothless winced at the pain again. His energy is spent and he couldn't run away anymore. Hel, he couldn't even move anymore. "Are you okay?!" Stormfly fluttered around him, worried. Toothless shook his head.

Stormfly put Toothless' arm around her and helped him to stand up. They limped to the edge of the forest, which are only a few steps away from them. She propped him down in front of the tree and sat beside him. The two was completely submerged in silence.

"Lookâ€" " Stormfly started, but Toothless cut her off.

"I heard you and Meatlug talking."

"You were eavesdropping?" she looked at him mortified. Did he hear about what she said about him? Or was it the lie she told Meatlug? "I can't believe you!" she told him exasperated.

"It doesn't matter, you're going away anyway." Toothless disregarded her. "You can finally leave this placeâ€" | usâ€"|" he sneered, "I'm happy for you."

"Can you stop for one minute and listen to me!" Stormfly rolled her eyes at him. He completely got it all wrong.

"Isn't that what you wanted from the start? Ever since we became humans, there wasn't a day that you never shut about how it would be nice to be like this forever. Then that asshole came and look where

it got you!" he rambled at her. The then tension came back again.

"Fritjof is a good man! I do not get why you are acting like this!" Toothless fell silent. He couldn't bring himself to say it. He was too caught up with the pain and the anguish he felt right now.

He one fluid motion, he suddenly pinned Stormfly on the ground. Their faces were only a few centimeters apart.

"Why? Toothless quietly asked her, his serious eyes piercing through her. Stormfly was startled how sad and hurt his expression is and she found herself lost for words. Toothless inched closer, almost closing the gap between them.

"What're you doing?" she finally managed to say in small voice, completely stunned.

"Can't you still see me? Look at me, please."

Toothless rested his forehead against hers. Making their eyes meet in such intimate distance, made Stormfly feel flushed and her heart quickening its beat.

"Please, look at me with those eyes that you look at him," he begged her. "Why can't you do that to me?" She winced at the painful expression he has on his face. She closed her eyes, wishing it would go away.

"Is it because you still see me as kid? Can't you see I'm more than that?" he asked her, not breaking his gaze.

"Toothless, I know. But please, "

"I'm trying my best, Storm. But I can only do so much. And each time I try, I feel like you're slipping away from me."

"Hey?" Stormfly wanted to say something but she was paralyzed. Toothless got off her and rested his back on the trunk again. Why does everything have to be so painful?

"I'm in love with you, you know?" he blurted out. He hid his face behind his knees. It's too agonizing. Stormfly couldn't believe her ears. She sat up and held his hand, but the night fury didn't notice it.

"I'm sorry that I'm not Fritjof, I can't take you away from here. I can't take you away from your fears. I-I'm just a dragon." He continued, his voice betrayed bitterness.

"But I'm keeping my promise, so why aren't you?"

Stormfly's heart was bursting, but she couldn't bring to say it to him. She has too. The moon was beginning to rise up in the sky. The moon! She knows what to do with the flower! She has to speak with Eindrude fast. There isn't much time.

"Toothless, I'm sorry but I have to go!" Stormfly abruptly stood up and dashed to the other side of the clearing. She needs to speak with Eindrude. Toothless was flabbergasted with what just happened. He

watched Stormfly run away from him. He felt a punch in his gut. He done it now, everything's over. He ruined everything.

"You idiot!" He cursed himself.

* * *

><p>Stormfly huffed and pumped her legs to go faster. She's going to finish everything by tonight. She ran past the clearing and climbed up the ravine. When she got to the glade, she found Eindrîde's apparition floating in the moonlight.<p>

"Eindrîde, I know what I want to wish. I'm okay not being a human. I don't want to run away anymore." Stormfly called out to him, catching her breath. The apparition floated towards her.

"Are you sure?" he asked her in ghostly voice. Eindrîde seemed to be expecting her. Stormfly was about to answer when the bushes near her moved.

"Who's there?" she called out stiffly.

"Stormfly?" a voice came from the other side. "W-Who is that?" she called out again "Toothless?" she guessed. Fritjof emerged from the other side. "Sorry to disappoint," he smiled at her.

"Frit! What're you doing here?" Fritjof noticed the apparition beside Stormfly and quickly pulled her close to him.

"D-Did you see that? Come on Storm, let's get out of here!" he was ready to run, but when he looked back to where the apparition is, it vanished.

"Wait Frit, about your offer, I'm sorry but I'm not going with you." Stormfly squirmed away from him. Fritjof scowled.

"I thought you've already made up your mind? Did Toothless say something?"

"No, he didn't. This is my own decision." She replied curtly. Fritjof guessed that thing he saw had something to do with it.

"I-I understand. It's that ghost isn't it? We should tell the others about this!"

"No! Listen, promise me that you won't tell any of this to anybody." Stormfly stopped him from his tracks and him face her. Her face was stern and it made Fritjof backed down.

"Okay," Stormfly comtemplated whether she should tell him or not. Might as well since he already saw Eindrîde. "I'll try to explain everything as much as I can, okay. Just don't freak out." She told him. Fritjof just nodded.

"I-I'm not a girlâ€|" she started.

"You're a guy?!"

"No! What I meant was, I'm not normal girlâ€"human girl to be exact." She wrung the end of her braid with her hands.

"I am having a hard time grasping this, Stormfly," Fritjof looked at her incredulously.

"I know, just let me explain." she composed herself and thought of the right words to use.

"Me, Toothless, Meatlug, Hookfang, Barf and Belch are actually dragons."

"Okaaaay," he replied skeptically. He was just not buying this explanation. It's just too absurd!

"Because of this," Stormfly showed him the brooch that she was holding "We somehow turned human."

"Is that what I think it is?" Fritjof's eyes grew wide and move closer to Stormfly to see it better.

"Mani's Brooch." He breathe out of amazement, he couldn't believe his eyes. "I-It's so beautiful! I thought I'd never see it."

"But its power is waning. Either we will turn back into dragons by the next full moon or we'll stay like this forever." Stormfly added.

"This is insane," Fritjof slapped his forehead looking very much rattled.

"I know there's a lot you have to take in, but I promise that I'm not messing around with you or anything." She told him indignantly.

"I-I believe you, but I just need some time." When Fritjof calmed down, he turned to Stormfly and asked, "Uhh, say, what kind of dragons are you guys?"

"Can you try and guess?" Stormfly laughed.

"Oh I'm really bad guessing though. But sure I'll give it a try." Fritjof cleared his throat. "Uhm, well I think Barf and Belch are the Hideous Zippleback since they're always together and they looked identical."

"That's a good guess." Stormfly agreed with him.

"Meatlug, I'm not so sure, but I'm thinking maybe she's a terrible terror?" he recalled Stormfly's friends and almost forgot the hot-tempered guy. "And I'm guessing that Hookfang with his fiery temper, is a Monstrous Nightmare. But that's just a lucky guess."

"You're really good at this, aren't you? Well except for Meatlug. She's actually a Gronckle."

"That I did not expect." Fritjof shrugged which made Stormfly laugh. Fritjof then realized that there are five specific dragons missing on Berk, and those are from Hiccup's side.

"Wait a minute, a Zippleback, a Gronckle, and a Monstrous Nightmare? And there are five of you guys. Specifically, there are also five

missing dragons here on Berk and those are Hiccup and his friends' dragons. Don't tell me that you guys areâ€¦!"

"Are you really sure you're bad at guessing?" Stormfly grinned at him.

"So that must meant that the Night Fury is Toothless?" Fritjof felt his face paling. Stormfly nodded at him eagerly.

"And you must be the Deadly Nadder," she gave a half-curtsy that made Fritjof chuckle. "Why am I not surprised!"

"Tell me, doesn't the flower only blooms where the Helle's Nadder is?"

"Really?" Stormfly looked at him puzzled.

"Yeah, I studied about this, you know. The flower only blooms where Helle's Nadder resides."

"I didn't know that,"

"Well now you do." Fritjof laughed.

"Thanks, I'm actually the Helle Nadder." She blurted out. Fritjof gave her a kind smile, "You fit the description, lady." Stormfly blushed and pocketed the brooch.

"By the way I should go now. If you have really made up your mind, come by my hut later. Stormfly, whatever happens, I will never change the way I feel for you." Fritjof kissed the back of her hand and hurried out of the forest.

"That man, you should stay away from him." Eindride suddenly appeared beside Stormfly.

"Everybody's telling me the same thing,"

"Maybe you probably should,"

"I'll have none of your sass, Eindride." She snapped back at him. Today was a rough day. Stormfly completely forgot what she went to see Eindride for. She told him her goodbye and set out back to the village.

"He reeks of dragon blood," Eindride voice was laced with anger.

* * *

><p>The moon was already high when she got back to the Meade Hall. Toothless and Fritjof was nowhere to be found. After dinner, she strolled by the docks and decided to visit Fritjof's hut. She planned to return his dagger to him.<p>

"Maybe I should just listen to Eindride. But Fritjof has been so nice to me." She told herself. She felt that the guards are already warning her. Artair suddenly bumped into her.

"Lady Stormfly, Good evening." Artair greeted her.

"Where are you off too? You seem to be in a hurry." Stormfly asked him.

"Oh, we're just hauling back the things for tomorrow's sail. The Captain loves to be on schedule. If you excuse me for a moment, I need to finish some tasks." Artair politely excused himself and went on his way. After a few minutes, Stormfly saw Hookfang patrolling the docks. She waved at him.

"Hey Stormy, where are you off too?" Hookfang greeted her.

"I'm just going to return something I borrowed from Fritjof."

"It's getting dark, why don't you return it tomorrow. You're not a dragon anymore remember? They might take advantage of you." Hookfang warned her.

"Oh for goodness sake, I can handle it myself. It'll just be a sec." Stormfly dismissed him. Hookfang shrugged and walked away. "Take care,"

* * *

><p>Stormfly knocked on Fritjof's door. "Come in," the voice from the inside beckoned her. Frit opened the door and smiled at her. There's something different in the air that surrounds him.<p>

"Frit, I'll just be quick. I need to go." Stormfly felt uneasy in his presence.

"What's the rush for?" Fritjof raised an eyebrow at her. "Have some tea," he offered her a cup. But Stormfly shook her head and politely refused. She needs to get out of here.

"I'm fine thank you."

"Something wrong?" Fritjof eyed her curiously. Stormfly noticed the some scars on his face that wasn't there before.

"Nothing, I'm just a little tired that's all." She lied. Fritjof bought her lie and snorted,

"Rough day, huh? Tell me about it." He sounds exhausted. He placed the cup in her hands, and wouldn't hear any of it when she tried to refused again.

"T-Thanks," Stormfly accepted the tea reluctantly.

"So I guess you've come here to give me your decision, huh?" Fritjof sat across her. Stormfly couldn't put a finger on it, but something changed in his aura.

"Yes, I'm sorry but I decided to stay here." She told him apologetically. "I'm returning this to you," and she handed him back his dagger. Fritjof gingerly plucked it from her palms.

"Aw, that's a shame. It looked great with you." Fritjof seemed to look disinterested. Stormfly took that as the cue to leave.

"Well, that's all, I must leave now." She stood up and hurriedly went

to the door.

"Wait a minute," Fritjof voice pierced through her. "You can have this instead," he handed her the locket hanging from his neck.

"What is this?" Stormfly looked at the thing in her hands.

"A necklace, if you don't know what that is,"

"I know what a necklace is," Stormfly told him offended.

"Open it." Fritjof's smiled urged her to do so.

"This girl, she looks almost exactly like me," Stormfly stared at the picture baffled. "Who is this?" she questioned him.

"Isn't she a beauty? So sad she had to go at such an early age." Fritjof voice was full of false wonder.

"What?"

"Her name is Caileigh and you're going to be her replacement." He grinned at her devilishly.

Stormfly made a dash to the door, but Fritjof pulled her by the hair and dragged her towards him.

"What're you doing?!" she struggled away from his grip. "Let go off me! HELP!" she screamed on top of her lungs. Fritjof laughed, amused at her demise. He threw her on the bed and pinned her down. Stormfly tried to push him off.

"For a dragon, you seemed to be really weak," he mocked her. With the dagger in his hand, he placed the blade on Stormfly's throat. He pressed it lightly on her skin, and warm blood dribbled on the girl's pale neck. Fritjof licked the blood off and Stormfly winced at the contact.

"You will come with me and become my little toy, or I will burn Berk to the ground." He whispered in her ear dangerously.

"Are you trying to threaten us!" Stormfly scoffed at him. She's wrecking her brain to find some way to throw him off his game. Her heart was thumping out of her chest. She was hysterical but she's trying to pull herself together. Astrid needs her!

"Us?" he cackled. "You still dare to associate yourself with them? Aren't you the one who ratted out your secrets to a stranger you slimy bitch?"

"I trusted you!" a pang of guilt washed over Stormfly. This is all her fault. If she just listened to them.

"You will never bring Berk down, my friends will find out about this!" gathering her courage, she spat at him. Fritjof raised his hand and slapped her hard on the face, which made Stormfly dizzy.

"HELP! ASTRID!" she struggled again, shouting, and pleading that someone, anyone would hear her. She tried to kick Fritjof in the

stomach. But the man was unflinching. Instead, he put most of his weight down on her body that almost crushed her.

"I don't need to bring Berk down, my little monster. I just need to kill some people that's all," he caressed her face with the blade.

"Struggle more and every single one that you love will be part of blood feast. Didn't you notice Artair lurking near the Hofferson residence? I've have them surrounded by my men."

Stormfly remembered bumping into Artair a few minutes ago and he mentioned that he has some tasks to finish. She felt terrified at the thought of Astrid and her friends getting hurt. She was terrified of Fritjof and his plans with her.

"You can't!" she protested. "No, Astrid! Toothless! Anyone, help!" she bit back her sob. She needed to be strong right now. She won't allow this monster to win!

Fritjof placed a scented cloth over her mouth and nose, and in a few seconds she was losing her vision. Her body became paralyzed and her breathing slowed down.

" You monster..." Stormfly with all spent up energy, glared at him.

"Shh, it's going to alright," Fritjof stroked the girl's head affectionately and watched her as she lose her consciousness.

"Astridâ€|"

" Welcome aboard, my love."

* * *

><p>AN: PLEASE READ: **

Hello everyone!

**First of all, I deeply apologize for not updating this for the longest time. I have been in a pickle since last year and I rarely have the time to commit in writing this story. Honestly, I'm thinking of stopping and deleting this story since I felt like I have no time to finish this anymore. But reading your comments, I'm very much pleased and thankful that I have new readers who found this story interesting and it gave me heart to finish what I started. I do hope I'm improved my writing a lot better in this chapter. If there are any grammatical errors and typos, then I apologize again. I haven't been able to proofread this because I wanted to post this chapter as soon as possible. **

For trystrike, thank you for PM-ing me and asked for an update. Thank you so much for the concern that you put in this story. I really appreciate it! :)

Chapter 11: Personal Tragedies

**(Warning: Semi-Mature Content up ahead!)**

The strong scent of seawater clung in the humid air. Stormfly awoke to the muffled voices that buzzed her ears. Her eyes were still shut close, but she can still feel world spinning around her uncontrollably. She slowly blinked her eyes open, and was blinded bit by the dim light the lantern emitted at the far corner of her cell.

"Deck the ship!" a gruff voice roared over the buzzing sound of engine.

Her whole body was sore and stiff. She winced as the pain shot through her spine and joints when she forced herself to sit up. Stormfly realized she was lying on a stone-cold metal ground and her wrists were bound in rusty metal chains. There was narrow rectangular slit window that allowed her to peek outside and observe her situation.

She's bound in the bottommost part of the metal ship and was already miles away from islands the she's familiar with. The ship looked barren and cold from the inside. It was certainly different from all of the ships in Berk. For some odd reason, her senses heightened and she could feel the presence that loomed outside the room.

"Slept well, love?" Fritjof greeted her as soon as he cracked the main door open. He looked different from the Fritjof she knew. The wrinkles in his forehead deepened and the shadows under his eyes were darker. All the comfortable feeling she felt with him was completely turned to hatred. Fritjof wasn't surprised to see that Stormfly was already awake. In fact, he expected her to be.

Stormfly's glowered at him as he took a step towards her. "Where are we? How dare you chain me!" she spat at him dangerously.

Fritjof looked unfazed. He sat on his hunches and stared at Stormfly like a specimen in a boxed experiment. The stench of stale seawater, humid air, and the man in front of her, made Stormfly sick to her pit. The lantern at the corner and the cage suddenly shook violently. The boat have finally found a land to deck on.

She turned her face to the side and avoided the brute's stare. She heard Fritjof clicked his tongue distastefully. The part of her face that was facing Fritjof, has exposed a huge blue-black bruise that spread onto the upper half of her cheek. Her left eye was also swollen and has some greenish-tint of discoloration on her pale milky skin.

"Such a pity," he sighed, displeased at mess he did. "Maybe I hit you too hard." He murmured. He was quite angry with himself that he ruined her beautiful face; the face that have reminded him of _Her_.

"Oh by the way, thanks for this." He reached inside of his vest and pulled out the brooch, and grinned at her.

Stormfly snapped and tried to charge at him. But the chains held her back. "You won't get away with this. They'll looking for me by this

time and they will kill you!" She growled at Fritjof and her eyes became feral.

"Little flower, you'll hurt yourself more." Fritjof told her softly as he lovingly caressed the bars that caged her. "Don't worry, Astrid won't be looking for you anything time soon. She knows you'll be in good hands."

Fritjof guffawed and Stormfly looked at him confused. He took him a few seconds to recover and swiftly pocketed the brooch again.

"I sent her a letter stating that you chose to run away with me." He flashed her a triumphant sneer. "It's all been taken care of. Looks like you're going to stick around for quite some time. Living the dream, huh?" with that, he entered in another fit of menacing laughter.

Stormfly felt a blow on her gut. She felt her world swaying again and her stomach threatened to spill out. Cold sweat started to form on her forehead and her body quivered. The memories of last night and the days before, reeled in again. _This is all her fault_.

"No!" Stormfly let out a soft distraught sob. She can only pray to the gods to save her now.

Fritjof just grinned at her.

"Hiccup!"

"In here milady!" Hiccup was wearing his usual green tunic and leather apron. He poked the coals and hammered the sizzling iron. Astrid appeared on the doorway and completely out of breath. She looked disheveled and panicked; a far cry from her usual composed self.

"What's wrong?" He quickly set down his work tools and strode to the blonde hair Viking, frowning.

"Stormfly ran away!" she blurted out and shoved the crumpled parchment in Hiccup's chest. He looked at her incredulously. But Astrid's eyes pleaded him to look at the paper.

"This is absurd!" he told Astrid. He turned the letter and read it over. His confused expression contorted into a grimace. "Why would she do this?" she looked at Astrid's pained face.

"Because she hates it here." Toothless said, and emerged from the back door. He ran his hand through his hair and sighed.

"Do you know about this, bud?" Hiccup turned to face him. Toothless hesitated to answer, but when he saw Astrid's expression he nodded.

"Stormfly, wouldn't! She couldn't!" Astrid argued. She knew Stormfly too well. She knew she was happy in Berk with them, with her, but all her knowledge about started to wane. "Right?"

The more she caught sight at the parchment, the more she felt she's the one who needed to be convinced.

Toothless couldn't feel anything. He felt empty. The memories of last night played in his head like a wheel. He was stumped, because he knew why she left and she finally did it. Resentment, embarrassment, and hurt bubbled up inside of him. To make a fool out of himself was the worst thing that could ever happen to him. To actually think, he believed that there was something more between them.

"Apparently she chose to leave Berk to be with Fritjof. If we're going to be stuck like this forever, might as well take advantage of it," Toothless spat motioning at himself angrily. Astrid looked at them helplessly.

"Toothless, this is not the right timeâ€¦" Hiccup reprimanded. But Toothless just sneered and went outside to cool off.

"Is it true?!" Meatlug popped in the doorway. Fishlegs was behind her looking confused.

"I found this note on my bed this morning. I looked for her everywhere!" Astrid's voice was breaking, she felt shaken up and couldn't think straight.

"She really did it, she went off with Fritjof. Unbelievable." Barf shook his head at them looking appalled with the information that they divulged. Belch and the twins were hanging behind him. The three teens looked at him startled at their sudden appearance.

"Stormy can't do that," Meatlug chirped. "She just can't leave Toothless alone,"

"Guys, you're forgetting one vital thing," Hiccup looked at the crumpled parchment again, "Stormfly's a dragon. How on earth did she write this letter?"

"Because she didn't." Hookfang with Gothi riding on his back approached the teens. Toothless's head perked up when he heard this.

"Gothi!" They all exclaimed.

"I saw her heading to Fritjof's hut last night and she had no intention of leaving Berk," Hookfang helped Gothi down, while narrating to them what happened the night before. "I was patrolling the docks. Fritjof's main ship have already sailed away before dawn broke."

"Plus, I found Gothi's boat floating just by the docks." Hookfang added. Gothi rested on a nearby benched and looked worn out from her travel. The teens and their dragons gathered around her.

"Gothi, where have you been? You've been missing for days." Hiccup offered her some cup of water. The old healer, downed the cup and let out a long sigh of relief. She scribbled on the dirt while the teens and teen-dragons watch her.

"Gothi says she visited an old friend to consult about what happened to our dragons," Fishlegs read the scribble out loud for everyone to hear.

"Any findings?" Astrid asked, a bit shaken up. "This might help us

have a lead on Stormfly." She offered. Gothi erased the first scribble with the end of her stick, and scribbled another passage.

"She says that Stormfly has the Mani's Brooch and that she needs to use it by the next full moon." Fishlegs looked at her questioningly, unsure of what he had just interpreted. Gothi nodded at him.

"But that's tomorrow night!" Hiccup exclaimed. The teens and the dragons suddenly felt alarmed.

"What's with the brooch?" Astrid pressed on. She went in front of Gothi and held her hands. "Gothi, we need to know what happened to Stormfly!"

The group was starting to panic. It was evident that there's been something happening that is bigger than all of them. Gothi started feeling uncomfortable with the amount of tension that's surrounding her.

"Guys settle down! Let Gothi be for a while," Hiccup pacified the group, noticing Gothi's weary expression. The old healer nodded at him gratefully and proceeded to scribble on the dirt again.

"The flower was the reason why you changed into humans, but you will need Mani's Brooch to turn back into dragons. If you missed the next full moon, either you will stay human for good or you will perish." Fishlegs translated.

"P-Perish?" Meatlug said in disbelief.

"But why?!" Hiccup looked at Gothi much alarmed from before.

"It's because you are not born to be humans. You're dragons. This will create a ripple." Fishlegs continued. The teens and teen-dragons looked at one another. Something tells them that if they don't act fast, they might be too late.

"We must find Stormfly immediately!" Astrid panicked. They left Gothi and proceeded to search Fritjof's camp site to find some clues of Stormfly's whereabouts.

"Hiccup!" Stoick's voiced bellowed. Hiccup and the others were already walking towards the docks for inspection.

"Dad, we're kind of in the middle of something here!" Hiccup replied, not bother facing his father. He needs to focus on the task at hand.

"Okay, carry on." Stoick was about to leave, when he remembered what he wanted to ask Hiccup. "Ah by the way son, I've meaning to ask you this. Who is the guy who was winning the race?"

Hiccup looked at his dad incredulously. "That's Fritjof, dad."

"Fritjof?"

"Yeah, Garth's son."

"That's impossible!" Stoick told him in disbelief. "Fritjof died two years ago from an pirate attack. Such a tragic loss." He said remembering about the funeral he went to.

"And besides, that man is too Viking for that boy. He was just like you before you met Toothless." He added and gave out a hearty laugh. Hiccup and Toothless froze. Stoick patted his son on the shoulder and wished him luck whatever his doing, and went on his way.

"If Fritjof is deadâ€¦" Hiccup's blood ran cold. "Stormfly's in trouble!" Toothless shouted in alarm.

The teens and the dragons hurried to the site and scouted the place in panic.

"Scout the area! Make sure you'll find anything that will lead us to their wheareabouts!" Hiccup commanded. Time is not on their side, and each second that passes by could derail them from finding Stormfly and to get the cure for their dragons.

"Hiccup, I found something!" Snotlout alerted them, crawling out under the bed. Hiccup and Astrid hurried to him.

"Blood?" Astrid inspected the dried blotches on the sheet that was hidden under the bed.

"Not just blood. We also found this." Tuffnut and Ruffnut held out locks of gold hair on their palms.

The locks looked like it had been accidentally cut from a struggle. The teens looked at one another.

"It seems like there was a struggle here last night." Fishlegs looked worried. They confirmed that Stormfly was indeed here last night, with no intention of leaving Berk. He looked at Astrid who was trying to keep it together.

"I hope we still have time." Astrid voice was laced with worry and anguish. Hiccup put a hand on her shoulder, comforting her.

"We will." Toothless assured her angrily. He held the locks tightly in his hands and clenched it into a fist. The next time he sees Fritjof, he'll cut his throat open.

Back at the ship, Stormfly was still held prisoner. She never touched the food that was served to her by Fritjoj's men, even though she was extremely feeling famished. She would rather die of hunger than to give into that bastard's whims.

"Love, you need to eat." Fritjof sweetly coaxed her. He sighed and changed the plate in her cellar.

"Why are you even doing this? Why don't you just kill me?!" Stormfly shouted at him. "If you don't, I'll end it myself!" Stormfly threatened him.

She fished out a small dagger from the inside of her boots. She stole it from one of the guards when they were changing her plate.

"What are you doing, you dumb girl?!" Fritjof laughed. "Laugh at

this, " Stormfly closed her eyes and readied to stab her chest.

"I won't lose you the second time!" Fritjof quickly reached into the cell, and pulled out the chain that's attached to Stormfly's cuffs. The dagger was yanked away and flew to the other direction.

"I'm not Caileigh!" Stormfly yelled at him frustrated and collapsed on the floor. "Please, just let me go or kill me!" "I'm not Caileigh, I'm Stormfly!" she repeated, her energy and body caving in due to hunger.

"No, you're Caileigh. You just don't know yet, I know that it's you. You've come back to me." Fritjof told her. "Caileigh, my love we will be together again." Fritjof caressed the bars lovingly again while gazing at Stormfly.

"Your eyes are as beautiful as I remember," he sighed longingly. Stormfly conceded. She can see and feel the love in Fritjof's eyes.

She was really confused why in the world he would mistake her for someone named Caileigh. Sure they look somewhat alike, but she knew, that he knew, that she wasn't Caileigh. The sense of curiosity washed over her. Maybe it was her hunger, or her lack of her sleep, but she wanted to know who this Caileigh is.

"What happened to her?" Stormfly asked Fritjof, genuinely curious. Fritjof a bit startled, eagerly shared his tale.

"She was killed in a battle. She was trying to protect my brother." He said. "Just like you, Caileigh was also a Helle's Nadder. And with the Mani's brooch, she transformed into a human girl." He touched the locket hanging around his neck.

"I never got to say good-bye," Fritjof let out a faint sob. "She never wanted to leave me, we were supposed to be together. She was happy being a girl. But she was taken away from me!"

Stormfly felt pity. She felt sorry about what happened to Fritjof, she felt sorry to what happened to Caileigh. The world can be such a cruel place sometimes. With a renewed sense of understanding on Fritjof's part, Stormfly extended her hand and held his, offering some comfort.

"I know what you're feeling Fritjof, I lost someone who was dear to me, too." She told him gently. Fritjof looked at her with wonder.

"But you don't have to do this. Caileigh wouldn't want you to do something like this."

Fritjof was lost with words. He hung his head low appearing to be ashamed. "I-I don't know Stormfly!" he started.

" I know that deep down, you're a good person Frit. Caileigh knows that, too. " lightly cheered him on. Maybe Fritjof wasn't really a villain. Maybe he was just lost, Stormfly thought to herself.

"Stormfly, do you really think that?" Fritjof asked her

doubtful.

"Anybody could change," Stormfly assured him.

"Stormfly, I can'tâ€"

"Yes, you can if you only wanted it to Frit!"

"I-I-can't take this anymore!" Fritjof gurgled a laugh. Stormfly looked at him dumfounded. Fritjof broke into fits of laughter.

"Dear Odin, you actually fell for that?!" he guffawed.

"W-whatâ€|" reality dawned into her being, "You lied to me?!" She felt her blood boiling.

"Oh, I didn't lie." Fritjof wiped a tear away from his eyes trying to compose himself. "She did die, while protecting my traitor of a brother." Fritjof smirked at her.

"You meanâ€" Stormfly gasped, realizing what Fritjof meant.

"Yes." Fritjof laughed. "No more games, Storm. I'll tell you what really happened. But let me tell you that I was the victim here. Not them."

_Darick was tending the herd when he heard voices booming at the horizon. His brother was supposed to be home by now, coming from the latest pillage from the nearby island. _

_"__Egil's back!" Caileigh excitedly ran over to him. Darick immediately put down his tools and ran to where the voices are._

_"__Hey guys!" Egil hugged the two in greeting. "We missed you!" Caileigh chirped. Egil laughed and patted her head. "I missed you guys, too." _

_"__Let's get you home. You must be tired from the quest." Darick beamed at him. Egil nodded "And I have something that I brought from the pillage. I can't wait to show them to you." The three of them went home._

Egil started to prepare the food for dinner. Darkness was already covering the sky. Darick was helping Egil while Caileigh was tending the hearth.

_"__So how was it when I was away?" Egil asked Darick. The boy shrugged. "Same old." _

_"__Are you okay, Dar?" Egil looked at his brother who seemed to be absent-minded. He saw that he was looking at Caileigh intently. The glow of the ember illuminates her beautiful golden orbs._

_"__If you keep on staring at her like that, you might burn her instead of the fire." Egil laughed. Darick snapped out of his trance and turned red._

_"__I-I was not!" he replied indignantly. _

_"Darick, when are you going to admit your feelings for Caileigh?" his brother asked him. Darick looked flustered. _

_"W-Why are you asking me that?" _

_"I was just asking. Don't get so worked up." Egil laughed heartily and gave him a wink. _

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Darick hissed at him, quite annoyed with his brother's teasing. Egil just laughed and proceeded to prepare the food.

_"You do know that it can't be, right?" Egil reminded his brother. "Dragons and humans cannot be together." Darick became very quiet.

_

_"I know." _

_The moon was high, and Caileigh was sitting on top of the roof watching the moon, humming a tune. _

"Hey, you aren't sleepy yet?" Darick climbed the rafters and sat beside her. Caileigh greeted him with a warm smile.

"And you yourself aren't sleepy, I suppose? She returned the question. Darick smiled at her sheepishly.

_Caileigh watched the moon again. She closed her eyes and let the light flood her being. Darick looked at her in wonder, amazed at her beauty. Her beautiful gold hair shimmering, her pale white skin glistening in the dark; she was ethereal especially basked in the moonlight. _

_"What is it?" Caileigh asked him her eyes still closed. _

There was a strong wave of desire that washed over Darick. He inched closer and kissed Caileigh on the lips.

Caileigh opened her eyes, shocked to see Darick kissing her. Caileigh immediately pushed him away.

"What are you doing, Darick?!" She gasped and put her hands over mouth.

_"I-I'm sorry! I don't know what came over me! I'm really sorry, Caileigh!" Darick apologized. He took a huge breath, "Honestly, I-I've been in love with you." He confessed to her shyly. _

_"You know that this is not possible, right?" Caileigh told him. "What would Egil say?!" _

_"I-I know that. Egil told me. I just wanted to tell you." Darick started. "But I don't care. I don't care about Egil, I know that it's not right, but can you give me a chance?" _

"I'm going to bed, Darick. You should get some sleep as well." Caileigh stood up and went down the roof, leaving Darick alone in darkness.

_Caileigh and Darick barely spoke to each other after that incident.

Caileigh would usually hang around wherever Egil were, marvel at what would Egil do or say. And it sparked an ill feeling in Darick's pit.

—
_When Egil left again for another pillage, Caileigh would stay out all day from the house and come back when the sun would go down. Darick was feeling less and less important everyday. Caileigh, made him feel that. One day he could no longer stand the silence between them, when looked for Caileigh in the woods. He found her sitting beside the lake. _

_"__Caileigh," Darick called out. The girl startled, looked at his direction with questioning eyes. _

_"__Darick. What are you doing here?" She asked him._

_"__I know you wanted to forget what happened on the roof, but I just want this to stop. I can't go on like this Caileigh. I can't go on with my life knowing that I don't matter to you!" _

_"__Darick, you've got it all wrong." Caileigh sighed. "I'm not avoiding you because I don't want you to do anything with me. I'm avoiding you because I felt like I'm not being fair with you."

—
_"__What do you mean?" Darick asked him confused._

_"__I'm in love with Egil, Darick. I always was." She told him sadly. "I'm afraid that couldn't return your feelings. I don't want you to think that I am giving you chance, when in fact, I cannot. I cannot lie to my heart." _

_Darick's heart dropped. All along the love of his life was in love with his brother. The brother who he adores, the brother who was so great with everything, the brother who is his dad's favorite, the brother who brings good news, the brother-who he realized was the one making him feel like shit. He got everything in his life, now he has Caileigh?! _

_The ill feeling started to boil in his pit again. But this time it was stronger, and he felt it sip through his bones. He felt rage, anger, most of all, jealousy. _

_"__I understand. It's a good thing that dragons and humans cannot be together, huh." Darick replied tight-lipped. "Good evening, Caileigh." he excused himself and went back home. _

_"__Darick, I'm sorry!" Caileigh called out after him. This irked him more. She felt pity for him, not love. The idea of Caileigh having feelings for his brother just fills him up with uncontrollable rage.

—
_After that encounter, Darick was less than kind with Caileigh. In fact, he was downright cruel with her. He made her life quite miserable, mistreating her every now and then. He became cold and unapproachable. _

_Egil was coming back home tonight. Caileigh was excited to see him. She couldn't wait to tell Egil how horrible Darick has been. But she wasn't sure if she would tell him, because mainly she felt it was her

fault. Darick wasn't excited to see him. Everything about his brother changed his view on him. Darick swore to himself that his brother was nothing more than someone who was trying to suppress him. _

_"__I'm so glad that Egil's back. You never do anything around the house!" Darick's father scolded at him as soon as he entered the house. "You should really take in your brother's shoes. Both warrior and a housekeeper!" _

_Darick just went past his father and gone up to his room. "I'm not feeling well, I'll just see Egil in the morning." he told him coldly. He tossed and turned in his bed but he could not get the feeling off his chest. _

_The next day, their father was off to the fields again. Egil, Caileigh, and Darick was left in the house. Egil was narrating about his latest pillage. Caileigh was intently listening to him, marveled by his story. Darick was looking disinterested. Apparently, Egil felt Darick's sullen mood. _

_"__Hey Dar, I have something to show you." Egil pulled out a golden dagger and showed it to Darick, who just sighed and looked at the blade disinterested._

_"__This will be yours when you're older. You'll be joining the pillage next season, and I can't wait to teach you my ways." Egil told him excitedly. _

_"__Sounds fun." Darick replied sarcastically. "I have to tend the sheep." He got up and left the door when Egil stopped him.

_

_"__What's up, bud? You don't seem to be spirited. Is something wrong?" _

_"__Hm? I'm fine, Egil. A lot of things have happened when you're not around." He retorted. _

_"__Is this about Caileigh?" _

_"__What makes you say that?" _

_"__I just have a hunch. But you know that it's not-" _

_"__I know. You don't have to tell me twice. She's a stupid dragon. And frankly I don't give a rat's ass about her. Now if you would excuse me, I need to tend the sheep." Darick felt his blood boiling. This bastard wouldn't get to say what he should do. _

_"__Darick, I know what you've been doing to Caileigh. Hurting her won't make you even. That is not even right! Did you forget what I taught you? You're better than that, Dar!" Egil scolded him._

_"__I have to tend the sheep, move." Darick shrugged and passed by his brother without giving him a second look. He felt strong stepping up like that. _

_Darick was collecting some wood when he realized he forgot his knife. He went back home and went straight to the shed. When he got his knife, and as soon he was going to step out of the door, he heard

voices whispering just behind the shed. _

_"__Shh, you're too loud!" A woman's giggle hushed her companion.
_

_"__I'm loud? You're the one who's making a fuss." A quiet laugh retorted. _

_Darick inched closer and recognized the voices. Just to confirm it, he peeked into the small hole at the wall. _

_"__I can't believe you'll be leaving me again," Caileigh wrapped her arms around Egil's neck. Her face contorted into a frown.
_

_"__It'll be just for a while, love." Egil said caressing her face._

_Darick's head started to spin, the deceit, the lies, it's all unfolding in front of him. _

_"__Darick, is getting worst everyday, Egil. I'm afraid that he wouldn't forgive me. Especially if he knew about us." Caileigh sighed. "He's such a kid."_

_Egil laughed. "He'll get around." _

_"__No, but I'm serious though. Being away with you is such a pain. I am missing you everyday." Caileigh told forlornly. _

_"__You don't have to worry the next time, my love. In my next pillage, I'll take you away from here." Egil tucked a loose hair on her ear. _

_"__What do you mean?" Caileigh's eyes widened with surprise. "What about Papa and Darick?"_

_"__Let's elope. We'll live them here and we'll build a family or a litter of our own!" Egil laughed. "All I do know is, I love you so much Caileigh."_

_"__I love you, too. And always will." Caileigh and Egil sealed it with a kiss. _

_Darick went around the shed and caught the two kissing. "You traitors!" he shouted at them fuming. The two lovers quickly detached themselves from each other shocked at Darick's sudden appearance.
_

_"__What is this?!" He demanded. "You told me that dragons and humans are not supposed to be together! You knew I love her!" Darick screamed at Egil. _

_"__Darick, calm down! I can explainâ€" Egil started, but Darick cut him off. _

_"__Explain?! You never wanted me to be happy! You want me to be miserable. And now you also want to take Caileigh away from me?! You bastard!" _

_"__You do not own me, Darick!" Caileigh shouted at him. _

_"__Shut up, you whore! After all I've given you before when he's not around, you tell me that I'm not worthy of your feelings! How dare you!" Darick was seething, he couldn't think properly. _

These two don't have any shame in their bodies. Especially his brother, who he taught was different, but was exactly everything he thought about him all along.

_"__You're no brother of mine." He spat at Egil and walked away screaming. "You'll be sorry!"_

_"__Darick, wait!" Egil tried to run after him, but Caileigh held him back. _

_"__Leave him be, first." Egil looked at her worriedly. "We'll talk to him later. Everything will be alright, I promise." Caileigh held his hand._

_Darick was out of his wits. He couldn't feel anything. All he knows what that he hates his brother. The moon was already high up in the sky but Darick has still not returned home. Caileigh, Egil, and Papa was getting worried. _

_"__I'll go look for him," Egil offered, looking tensed. "I think it is best if you should. This never happened before. He usually goes home early." His father replied. _

_"__I'll be off then. Hopefully he'll be home when I come back." Egil left the house to search for Darick. _

_"__Maybe I should help Egil, just in case," offered Caileigh. She soon followed Egil's trail. _

Darick was wondering the forest alone for hours. He couldn't snap out from the void he's feeling. His hands are all bloodied from punching the ground and the tree barks. The feeling of pain was his feeling of euphoria.

_ " __Darick!" Egil shouted all over the forest, he has been searching that almost seem to be half an hour, but he still couldn't find Darick. _

_Likewise, Caileigh was also shouting Darick's name every now and then. She wondered if Egil already found Darick. A few minutes passed, she decided that it was time to go home. Maybe the two boys already found each other. _

_"__Caileigh," a familiar voice called out. _

_"__Darick! Thank Odin! Oh my gods, what happened to your hands?!" Caileigh rushed to him worried. _

_"__E-Egil, he's injured. We need to help him." Darick sobbed. Caileigh panicked. _

_"__Where is he?!" _

_Darick led Caileigh deeper into the forest, the moon's light is

growing dimmer and dimmer. _

_"_Are you sure, we're on the right path?" Caileigh asked Darick feeling alarmed. _

_"_Yes, we're almost there." Darick replied flatly. _

_Darick led her into a clearing she never been before. She looked around but she couldn't see Egil. _

_"_Where's Egil?" she asked him confused_

_"_Oops, must have made a wrong turn." he shrugged._

_"_Is Egil really injured?" The alarm on Caileigh's chest was growing. _

_"_Nope. I actually don't know where he is." Darick said as a matter-of-factly._

_"_Why would you do this, Dar?! He must be so worried sick about us right now!" Caileigh scolded him. _

_"_Egil this, Egil that. Tell me Caileigh, what is that I don't have? I was the one who was always there for you. I was your best friend!" The fury inside of Darick flourished again. But this time it is eating him up. _

_"_I don't love you, Darick! And you just can't force someone to love you!" _

_"_If I can't have you, nobody will! Especially Egil!" Darick pushed Caileigh and pinned her to the ground. "You're mine!" Darick kissed Caileigh forcefully, as he ripped her blouse off. _

_"_Darick, stop!" Caileigh begged tears running down from her eyes. But Darick didn't stop. He won't. He kissed her until her lips were bleeding. Her scent was overwhelming and was driving him insane. Her pale white skin was so soft under his grip. He dreamt about this for years. She's his. He'll mark her. _

_"_Please," Caileigh screamed pleading for help. "You're mine," Darick whispered into her ear. He flipped her skirt up to her belly, exposing her lower half to the cold ground. Darick began to untie his belt._

_"No please, Darick! Please! Stop!" Caileigh sobbed hysterically. Bruises were forming on her wrist because of Darick's tight grip.

_

_"_Egil! Help!" she screamed on top of her lungs, while trying to kick Darick off her. _

_"_Shut up, bitch!" Darick reached for a rock and slammed it into her face. Caileigh felt her face go numb, her vision was fading and she was getting nauseated. Crimson liquid was starting to cover her left eye. _

_"_Fuck, I messed your face. Fuck." Darick hissed under his breath._

_"__Noâ€|please.." Caileigh pleaded weakly. But she couldn't move. She was paralyzed. And then she felt it. The pain. She couldn't run away, she was useless. _

The deed was done.

_"__Egil, I'm sorry," Caileigh sobbed silently. Everything was hurting. Darick stood up and put back on his pants._

_"__Don't worry, Caileigh, I'll take good care of you. I'll be better than, Egil." Darick caressed her face while like licking the blood of his fingers. _

_"__I mean, he wouldn't want someone who's damaged now, right?" he let out a manic laugh._

_"__Caileigh! Darick!" Egil's voice was heard in the distance.

_

_"__Aw, shit. Always the spoiler." Darick bit his lip in annoyance.

_

_"__Egilâ€|helpâ€|" Caileigh sobbed weakly. _

_Egil emerged from the trees looking worn out, he was shocked to see Caileigh on the ground, with a bloodied face. _

_"__C-Caileigh! What happened to you?!" Egil voice was breaking. He ran to her and cradled her head on his lap. He noticed her skirt was hiked up to her belly. Egil realized the harsh reality of what transpired._

_"__D-Darick, you- did you-how could you?!" Egil's voice was filled with anger and disbelief. "How could you do this to Caileigh?!"

_

_"__She's mine now. I marked her." Darick replied. _

_"__You'll pay for this!" Egil's stood up and pinned Darick on the nearby rock. "I will kill you, you monster!" _

_Darick smirked and looked at him in the eye, "You'll kill your own brother, your own blood, just for a whore?" _

_"__Don't test me! I will kill you! What you did was unforgivable!" Egil screamed at him with so much hatred. Tears running down from his eyes. "You're my brother, how could you!" _

_"__Do it, kill me." Darick goaded. "I should be the one getting mad at you, for being a traitor!" _

_Egil readied his knife, Caileigh was moving weakly, "Egil.. no, don'tâ€|" the words barely escaped her lips. Darick was teasing Egil, "Do it, brother." _

_Egil raised his golden dagger and stabbed the surface, inches away from Darick's face. _

_"__Thought so," Darick scoffed. Weary, Egil let go of the dagger and

dropped down to his knees and sobbed. "I'm sorry, Darick, I'm sorry Caileigh." _

_ "___Sorry, but I don't forgive people easily." Darick swiped the dagger off the ground and stabbed Egil on the neck. _

_ "___No!" Caileigh screamed. _

_ "___Remember what I said? You're no brother of mine, " Darick spat. Egil's body convulsed. He was gasping for air. Caileigh reached out her hand, "Don't die, please, No!" she silently begged the gods.

_

_ Darick slashed Egil's throat multiple times. Blood was pooling from his body, he cut his brother's arm off and gutted him on the stomach.

_

_ "___Hmmm, what's a better story than getting killed by dragons that you would love so protect, hm, Egil?" _

_ Every cut he made on the flesh is euphoric. This feeling, he never felt it before. He feels so strong, so in control. He basked himself in that feeling of wonder. _

_ Caileigh gathered all her strength, she managed to push herself up.

_

_ "___Where you going, love?" Darick asked her, laughing. Caileigh looked at him in the eyes filled with hatred. _

_ "___You will never have me!" She bellowed. She took the necklace off her neck and when the moonlight hit it, she transformed into a dragon. But she was too weak to fend herself. With the remaining energy she has, she pushed herself off the ground, with her wings flapping feebly. _

_ Darick backed away, "You're not leaving me, Caileigh!" He threw the dagger and it hit her necklace. The brooch scattered into a million pieces into the air. Caileigh lost her strength and fell down to the ground. _

_ "___No!" Darick ran over to her dying body. "Caileigh, no, no, no!" he sobbed. Caileigh looked up at the sky with tears running down her face. With a deep sigh, her golden orbs turned grey. _

_ Darick ran away from the forest, the rain suddenly poured down washing the blood off him. He rested for a bit and collected himself. The love of his life is gone. And it is all Egil's fault. If he hadn't been such a traitor to him, then Caileigh would have never died. _

_ He went home soaking and his father worried. He asked if he has seen his brother and Caileigh. Darick shrugged and told him that he was at the sea to get some fish, but the tide was high so he didn't have a catch. _

_ The next day five burly men knocked on their door. It was Darick who answered it. _

_ "___Egil, we found him lying on the ground next to a dagger." One guy

broke the news. "He's dead."_

Darick obtained the golden dagger afterwards and joined the pillage, topping his brother. He soon learned of the brooch in one of his quests, when he got hold of an ancient text. He then adopted the name Fritjof when he killed Garth's son on one of his battles.

"You like my story?" Fritjof asked Stormfly amused. The nadder girl looked at him in disbelief.

"You're disgusting!" She spat at him. She couldn't believe that she thought he was better. This scoundrel in front of her has a special place in Loki's dungeon. She feels sick learning of his ways.

"Fiesty, feisty. That's why I like you." Fritjof laughed.

"You're going to regret this, I swear." Stormfly snarled. She would not forgive him. She would never forgive him.

The teens and the dragons have set out to find Stormfly Each teen and teen-dragon shared a dragon. Going by boat will take them too much time. What seems like hours with no luck, Hiccup finally found a ship docked in the nearby island.

"That's the ship, alright." Hookfang confirmed it. They flew to other side of the island to set up camp and plan on how to carry out their plan.

Toothless was feeling restless and distant with the others. So much is running on his mind. He took a stroll at forest keeping a look out.

"Hey, Toothy." Hookfang greeted him. Toothless only nodded his head in acknowledgement.

"I just came by to ask how you're holding up," Hookfang started awkwardly.

"I'm fine," Toothless replied coldly. He doesn't need anyone nagging at him.

"It'll be okay, man. Storm's a fighter. Don't give up." Hookfang encouraged him. Which is usually a far cry from his usual cold hearted-macho feat.

Toothless just stared at him incredulously. "Is this guy for real?" He thought to himself.

"I know that it hurts to lose someone you love and we're here for you." Hookfang added.

"And how would you know? You always think about yourself, Hookfang." Toothless scoffed at him. The monstrous nightmare sighed.

"Everything will be alright Toothless, hope isn't lost yet." Hookfang patted Toothless' shoulder and went back to the camp.

Toothless rolled his eyes at the Nightmare, what's gotten into him.

Meanwhile, Meatlug overheard the whole exchange.

"Toothless," Meatlug called out. Toothless sighed and gave her a wave.

"I'm fine. Really. I just don't need anyone to talk to right now." Toothless bit.

"That's not what I'm here." Meatlug crossed her arms. "I heard the conversation between you and Hookfang."

"Crazy, right? I mean, who knew someone like Hookfang could actually say something like that?" Toothless laughed sarcastically.

Meatlug frowned. "You don't know anything everything about Hookfang, Toothless."

Toothless raised an eyebrow at her. "Excuse me?"

Meatlug gave a deep sigh, "Hooky is more than what he seems to be. Or what he wants to appear as. Hookfang lost his family during a dragon raid, his wife, his hatchlings-everything. He's like that because he does not want to appear weak, just like the time when his family died. He knows what you're feeling and is offering you his support."

Toothless looks at Meatlug dumbfounded. "I never knewâ€|"

"I know that this is not the right time, but I suggest that you should start considering how view others and how you act. Everything is not what it seems." Meatlug added. "Anyway, I'll head back. Meatlug went back to camp leaving Toothless alone.

Toothless realized what Stormfly meant about him to grow up. He was such a child to think that everything should revolve around him. The reason why he was angry at Stormfly because she couldn't return his feelings. Because he wanted her to feel the same way, he wanted her to stay.

He wanted, he wanted, he wanted. He never considered what she wanted.

Toothless felt like a complete dunce. He knew now. Now all he needs to do is to get her back and show her that he understood her. Oh, and how he appreciates Hookfang now.

~Hey all, it's been so long. Here's the next chapter. Uhh, I didn't get to proof-read it but I hope it's still readable, hahaha. I know that it completely has been a year? Or half? I don't know I lost track. I was so busy with life that I forgot to update this. But a promise is a promise and I would finish this. So thanks again, for reading Blossoms of the moonlight!

End
file.